

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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## The Week Past, and What of It?

THE week, if not marked by great events, is nevertheless full of stirring incidents. Galveston, the principal city and seaport of Texas, has been captured by our Navy; Gen. Mitchell has made a daring although not wholly successful dash at the Charleston and Savannah railway; and last, and most surprising, the army of the Potomac has evinced sound symptoms of life and action. To this list we may add that the navy has made a *battue* of Anglo-rebel steamers engaged in running the blockade, having captured not less than three, the *Anglia*, *Scotia* and *Wachuta*, and destroyed a fourth, the *Minho*. *Per contra*, the British pirate *Alabama* has run down on our coast, and within 200 miles of the Capes of the Delaware, captured eight National vessels engaged in peaceable commerce, six of which she has destroyed.

The capture of Galveston, following close on that of Sabine Pass and City, is an important event. As we have said, Galveston is the principal seaport of Texas, and notwithstanding it has been closely blockaded, has afforded considerable facilities to British blockade runners and contraband traders. It does not seem to have been the intention of the Government to occupy the city for the present, and no land force had

been sent in anticipation of its capture, which was provoked by the fort in front of the city firing on the steamer *Harriet Lane*, while running in under a flag of truce. Com. Renshaw at once, October 4th, ordered up the blockading force and soon silenced the rebel forts and batteries, and ranging his vessels in front of the town, gave the authorities four days wherein to remove the women and children and non-combatants, announcing his purpose of shelling the place if not quietly surrendered at the end of that period. The shelling was not required, and punctually, on the afternoon of the fourth day, the United States flag was raised on the Custom House. "The old flag" again floats on the soil of every State and Territory, with the single exception of Georgia.

Galveston, we may here remark, had a population in 1860 of 7,300, and its fall has created profound mortification and alarm throughout all Texas. It is connected with Houston, the capital of the State, by a railway, and there is no doubt that as soon as a proper land force is sent out that city will also be occupied. Texas has a powerful Union sentiment, and as most of its fighting population has been drawn off, its reduction will be easy—especially as the opening and patrol of the Mississippi river by Admiral Porter will cut off the State from reinforcement and supplies.

Rumors from rebel sources report the capture of Mobile, a report which obtains some color of plausibility from the statement that Gen. Butler was some days ago at Pensacola, at the head of 7,000 men. We believe, however, that the report is premature. Of the speedy reduction of Mobile there can be no doubt. It may be within two weeks, or it may be within two months, but that "the old flag" will float over it on the 1st of January, 1863, is beyond doubt.

The attack on the Savannah and Charleston railway by a combined land and naval force from Port Royal, on the 21st of October, was intended to be a surprise, and rather as a distraction and annoyance to the enemy, than a serious occupation of the line of the road. The plan was to run the gunboats and transports as high up the Coosawatchie and Pocotaligo rivers as possible, and thence march on the railway and break it up. The movement was well made, but was only partially successful, the enemy having obtained information of it, and concentrated superior forces at the points threatened. The action was quite severe for a time, and the National soldiers, with the approach of night, were compelled to fall back to their boats, with a loss of 15 killed, 106 wounded and 2 missing. The rebel loss in killed was considerably heavier.



CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—A STREET IN HARPER'S FERRY DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC BY THE NATIONAL TROOPS FROM MARYLAND, OCT. 24, 1862.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



On the Potomac there is much indecisive movement, evidently without a knowledge of the rebel strength and exact position. A considerable part of the National army is to the east of the Blue Ridge, with the evident purpose of preventing the escape of the rebel army through any of its passes in the direction of Warrenton and Culpepper, towards Gordonsville and Richmond, while the main body of the army presses down on the rebel main body, which is supposed to be in or about Winchester. The results of this strategy remain to be proved. Meantime constant skirmishing is going on between the reconnoitring parties of the respective armies, with an aggregate advantage to the National side. It is believed by many that the rebel commanders are only manoeuvring to gain time, well knowing that if they can defer fighting until the commencement of bad weather, the army of McClellan will be paralyzed for the winter. Every day the war is prolonged is a victory for the so-called Confederacy, of which the rebels at home and their sympathisers abroad will not fail to take advantage.

On the other hand, there are well-founded apprehensions that the unaccountable and criminal delay in the movement of our army will enable the rebel Generals to combine their forces, as they did while McClellan wasted away the summer in the swamps before Richmond, and then make an attack in "superior numbers." Indeed, it is known that the rebel forces lately operating in Western Virginia have already joined Lee, and that Johnston has moved forward his reserves from Gordonsville. Bragg, who lately led his army safely out of Kentucky, was reported a few days ago in Richmond, and it is possible and probable that a considerable part of his force, graciously relieved from pursuit by the imbecile Buell, has already been transported over the Knoxville and Lynchburg railroad to the aid of Lee. We shall not be surprised to hear, if a battle comes to be fought, that our brave army, through mismanagement and delay, had been compelled to fight twice the number of rebels that fell back, unpursued, before their victorious arms at Antietam. We waited on the Chickahominy for Jackson's and Beauregard's troops to travel to Richmond, and we are now waiting on the Potomac for Bragg's and Johnston's to effect a junction with Lee at Winchester. The preliminaries to the prospective battle are much the same as preceded the terrible seven days' fight before Richmond. May Heaven avert a corresponding result!

We have alluded to the British pirate Alabama, and her doings on the high seas. We call her British pirate, with a distinct appreciation of the meaning of our words. She was built in England, as we are publicly informed, by the joint contributions of "290 British merchants," and from that circumstance took the name under which she sailed out from Liverpool to war on our commerce. She was armed in England. Her crew are English. She never was in American waters. She sails under the British flag, and only raises "the rebel rag" after she has got unsuspecting vessels, relying upon the neutrality, if not the friendship, of the British flag, under her guns. She is, in law and in conduct, a simple pirate, a *British pirate*.

After wantonly destroying upward of a dozen whalers off the Azores, she has ventured near our coast. The Baron de Castine, a vessel belonging to Bangor, in Maine, has arrived at that port, after having been captured by the Alabama, and released on giving a bond for \$6,000. She reports that the Alabama is cruising about 200 miles off the Capes of Delaware, and had captured eight vessels, which number has probably been since considerably increased. Six of the eight were burned. The ship Tonawanda, of Philadelphia, was released on giving a bond for \$80,000.

The depredations of this floating illustration of British neutrality have a certain compensation in the capture of British vessels engaged in the contraband trade with the South, of which not less than four steamers, heavily laden, have been taken within a week, with cargoes estimated at a million and a half of dollars in value.

How long the Alabama will be allowed to continue her audacious career will depend much upon whether public clamor succeeds in rousing the somnolent "Old Man of the Sea," who dozes over the Navy Department at Washington, from his slumbers. As yet we have only heard of the St. Louis (a sailing vessel!) having been dispatched after the Alabama! Perhaps the Vanderbilt may now be spared from the "transport service," and sent after the freebooter. Should she fall in with the pirate, we trust that there will be no attempt made to capture that vessel. "Sink her, boys!" should be the captain's comprehensive order, and one which no American seaman would fail to carry out in its most literal sense.

The war in Missouri and Arkansas, to use a familiar and not over-dignified expression, is "played out." The rebellion, to all intents and purposes, to the westward of the Mississippi, is dead. With the complete opening of that river by Admiral Porter, an event as certain as any in the future can be, the territory west of that stream must recognize the National authority.

**HARPER'S FERRY.**—Gen. Wool, upon whom an attempt has been made to place the responsibility of the Harper's Ferry surrender, has published a card, in which he says:

"Harper's Ferry could have been defended by 10,000 men if rightly directed. Col. Miles surrendered 11,200. The possession of the Maryland Heights by the enemy did not interfere with the defence of Harper's Ferry. They had no guns on the Heights that would do the slightest injury, or prevent the defence of the Heights of Harper's Ferry. If Col. Miles had obeyed my orders, the Maryland Heights would not have been taken possession of by the rebels."

**REVIVAL OF PARTY.**—Is this a time for us to revive dead issues and to inaugurate senseless party broils? When Napoleon was about to leave Paris, a few days before his last fatal battle at Waterloo, he addressed words of needed warning to the Chamber of Representatives, cautioning them to avoid "the folly of the Roman people in the latter days of the Empire, who could not resist the temptation of engaging furiously in abstract party discussions, even while the battering rams of the common enemy were shaking the gates of the capital." We may well take to ourselves the same caution.

The renowned Mackerelville Brigade, Mr. Kerr informs us, is now encamped "on the banks of the balmy Allkwyet river, where it continues to reconnoitre in force, and awaits the death of the Southern Confederacy by old age."

#### Barnum's American Museum.

**COLORADO TROPICAL FISH** swimming in the Aquarium, just obtained at a cost of over \$7,000, are a great acquisition. They are to be seen at all hours. **SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES** daily, at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M.

#### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

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All productions should be directed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, N. Y., and indorsed "Prize."

We respectfully request our brethren of the press, not less for the sake of American Literature and American Authors than for our own, to give publicity to the above offer.

#### "Williams."

A SO-CALLED Mr. James Williams, who puts himself down as "late American Minister to Turkey," has just published a book entitled "The South Vindicated." Claiming to be "a reasonably well-informed American," we are reluctant to admit that we never heard of "Williams," and we fear that the person delighting in that respectable name is an impostor. His book is published in London by the responsible house of Longman & Co., which fact goes far to prove that there is a "Williams," albeit the work is edited by "Hopkins." Now there is a probability that the whole is the work of Hopkins (who's Hopkins?), and that Williams, "late Minister, etc.," is only a stalking horse for his, the aforesaid Hopkins's, venture. Be that as it may, the book suits England, is highly lauded there, and is filled with "bogus" statistics, and detached and misquoted paragraphs from the "fathers." We need only say that it adduces Madison as an apostle of the "right of Secession," in order to show its latitude of falsification, and its depth of mendacity.

The friends of Williams on this side the Atlantic, where the principal result of Emancipation is alleged to be the swamping of Northern white labor by free negro labor from the South, will not be thankful to him for his evidences to the contrary. He states that in the 10 years between 1840 and 1850 the free colored population of the South increased from 170,000 to 210,000 (an increase of 40,000), whilst in the North the increase upon 215,000 was only 7,500—a clear evidence that the negro is indisposed to migrate towards the pole. Among other things Williams contrasts the relative proportion of convicts, North and South, with great advantage to the South—forgetting to state that in the South a vast majority of criminals are rather applauded for what, at the North, are punished as crimes, and that the "foreign element," which contributes mainly to the aggregate of crime and pauperism in the North, scarcely exists in the South. Our impression is that "Williams" is only a blind for "Hopkins," and that "Hopkins" is an Englishman.

#### Matters and Things at the Capitol.

THE approach of the Congressional session, the anticipated movements of our army of the Potomac, and a thousand other causes combine to invest matters and things in and around Washington with special interest. We here throw together the latest facts and fancies from the National centre. — The army of the Potomac will in future consist of three grand armies, nine corps, 30 divisions, 70 brigades. The first grand army will consist of the corps d'armée of Maj.-Gen. Reynolds (late Hooker), Fitzjohn Porter and W. B. Franklin, and will be commanded by the senior Major-General, Joseph Hooker. The second army will consist of the corps d'armée of Maj.-Gen. Couch (late Sumner), O. G. Wilcox (late Burnside), Slocum (late Banks), and will be commanded by senior Maj.-Gen. Ambrose Everett Burnside. The third grand army will consist of the corps d'armée of Maj.-Gen. Cox and two others now organized, and to whom permanent commanders have not yet been assigned by the President. This army will be commanded by senior Maj.-Gen. Edwin V. Sumner. — A letter from a well-informed gentleman recently from Richmond tells us that it is the avowed policy of the rebels to avoid any further serious fighting on the line of the Potomac, and to draw our forces into the interior by retreats. This is confirmed by the retirement of Gen. Lee from the Upper Potomac. — Col. Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster of the army of the Potomac, denies, in a public statement, the allegation that the inactivity of the army was due to a want of shoes. He said that when the allegation was made there were then 20,000 pairs stored and undistributed in Gen. McClellan's chief depot at Harper's Ferry; 10,000 more pairs on the railroad, though not unpacked; and yet 15,000 more pairs known to Col. Ingalls to have been started from Washington, and to be then on their way to him. —

From mathematical calculations, based on the statistics showing that the army of the Potomac has now 31,000 draught animals—mules and horses—in its employ, we find that its baggage train, placed in line as closely as possible, would reach 61½ miles. Yet this is the army which can't move for want of supplies. — Gen. Fitzjohn Porter will immediately be ordered to trial on two sets of charges; those preferred against him by Maj.-Gen. Pope, and those growing out of the honorable exculpation given to Brig.-Gen. Martindale, by the facts developed before the recent Court of Inquiry. — The Military Commission, of which Gen. Hunter is President, will, immediately on closing its investigation of the Harper's Ferry surrender, be deputed to examine as to the cause of the alleged destitution of the army of the Potomac; and to make report, fixing the responsibility for the inactivity of that army after the battle of Antietam. — It is now clearly ascertained by the Government authorities here that the full force of the rebels engaged in the Maryland battles was only 55,000 men. This is confirmed by the statement of a prominent citizen of Maryland, with whom the rebel Generals were quartered during their stay in that State. — Col. J. W. Forney, Clerk of the Senate and editor of the Philadelphia Press, proposes to start a new daily paper in Washington. One is needed as a set-off to the *Intelligencer*, "played-out," and the *Star*, "blackguard."

— The court of inquiry in the case of Gen. McDowell has commenced, and will be public. Gen. McDowell has expressed the opinion that he wants no concealment, and is anxious for the fullest investigation which can be had. His friends have invited all the members of the press to attend the trial. — Secretary Chase told a party of gentlemen who lately called upon him, that his only apprehensions with respect to the financial prospects of the country arose from his doubts as to the vigor of our military operations, doubts of which were fast disappearing before the hopeful indications of improvement that have become apparent within a few days. — It is said that the Court-Martial in the case of Gen. Martindale has closed its proceedings and sent in their report. The decision of the court cannot be made public until it has been approved. It is reported, however, that it acquits Gen. Martindale of the charges preferred against him. — The pirate steamer "290" derived its name from the fact that 290 English merchants subscribed to the funds with which it was built. — It is said that the efforts of the rebels in Europe towards the formation of a navy there have been attended with good success, and that there are now, in various European ports, no less than 15 iron-clad steamers in various stages of progress, of which eight are nearly ready for sea. These eight vessels already have their armament on board, and it is said that on a given day they, in company with the steamer "290," will rendezvous at some convenient point, and will cross the Atlantic in company; that they will steer direct for Delaware Bay, sail up the Delaware river and attack Philadelphia. The armor of these vessels is said to be such that they will be invulnerable to the effects of any known projectile, while their armament is said to embrace guns and mortars of the most approved construction. It is said that the power of this fleet will be such that they will be able to lay the entire city in ashes, but that they expect that, in order to avert this calamity, the city will be surrendered to them. And this is only the beginning of the exploits that are expected of this new rebel navy. — The Agricultural Report of the Patent Office for 1862, instead of being issued yearly as heretofore, will hereafter be issued quarterly. The first part is now in press, and will be ready for distribution about the last of November or the beginning of December. The Agricultural Bureau is distributing large quantities of cotton seed, and the reports coming in concerning its culture are most gratifying. Considerable quantities have been raised this season in southern Illinois, southern Ohio, Kentucky and Pennsylvania. The fact has been clearly demonstrated that cotton can be produced as well in the Middle States as in the South, and that the plant in the more temperate latitudes becomes hardier, and less liable to be affected by the frost. — One of the most important items of the foreign news is contained in three lines announcing the retirement of M. Thouvenel from the French Cabinet, in which he held the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the appointment of M. Drouin de l'Huys to succeed him. The probable cause of this Ministerial change is the divergence in the Imperial Councils on the Italian question. It is not encouraging to the friends of United Italy, but on the other hand, the change is highly favorable to ourselves, M. Drouin de l'Huys being a warm friend of the United States, whilst M. Thouvenel is one of those French statesmen whose influence has been used to obtain the recognition of the Southern rebels, on the ground that a disruption of this republic is necessary to the future security of the world against a preponderating power on this side of the Atlantic.

#### A Letter from Camp.

FOUR weeks with the army of the Potomac has not been sufficient to give me any data whereon to form an opinion for or against the commander of the legions that compose this the grandest army the earth has yet seen. Although my rambles have been confined to only one division that of Gen. Hooker's, but at present under Gen. Sickles, I have found sufficient to give me a very good notion of soldiers' life, both in camp and field. The division is encamped in the vicinity of Alexandria, Va., and its tents whiten every hill top for miles around. The numerous roads are constantly swarming with regiments changing camp or going out on picket. Cavalry can be seen at all hours galloping over hill and dale, and the long trains of Government wagons, going to and returning from Alexandria with army supplies, give the civilian a faint idea of the labor necessary to keep "all quiet on the Potomac." You need not be told who compose this, the fighting corps of McClellan's army, their names are household words, and history has already allotted them a bright page in her records. The Sickles Brigade, which has borne the brunt of many a hard fought battle, is now resting in sight of Washington, and watches, with many a sigh, the bright Potomac, whose sparkling waters mingle with those which wash the shores of the long-to-be-remembered Peninsula. Their companions in arms are encamped around them, and their shattered colors and decimated ranks speak, but too plainly, of the part they have taken under their great strategic leader.

It is a matter of surprise to thousands in the army the secrecy with which the rebels mask all their movements, and this surprise is still increased when we find that every movement in the Union army is as well known in Richmond as it is in Washington. While the rebels have reliable and faithful spies in every department, whence anything of importance can be gathered, we depend on "intelligent contrabands" and "reliable northern merchants, who have just escaped from rebel-dom;" and it is amusing to witness the commotion which one of those "reliable" individuals will produce among the leaders of troops in front of Washington.

About two weeks ago a rumor passed from camp to camp that 50,000 rebels were marching on Alexandria. The Washington journals of the next day published this choice item, having obtained it from a "reliable person," who had come in, post haste, from Gen. Sigel's headquarters.

Now accompany me to the camp of Smith's 4th New York Battery—a battery that has won a name in the memorable battles on the peninsula. Friday, October 10th, was a dreary day; black, heavy clouds hung over the camp, and the soldiers gathered closer under their tents and peered out on the threatening sky, with many forebodings as to the coming night. Evening came, and with it the storm which had been brewing all day. The soldiers seemed to sympathize with the dreary scene outside, and an unusual silence pervaded the camp. By nine o'clock most of them were in their rude beds, dreaming, perhaps, of home and loved ones, when the shrill notes of the bugle sent forth the order, "Hasten up!" and out in the drenching rain the drivers hastened to their teams, while the cannoniers were busy in their tents packing knapsacks, filling canteens, and generally preparing for the wet night before them. When all was ready for the road the order was countermanded, and the horses were again tied to the picket-ropes, and the men remanded to the shelter of the tents. The cooks were now called, and ordered to cook two days' rations; and, despite the heavy rain, six large fires were soon blazing in the open air, and over them as many camp kettles were sending forth the pleasant flavor of hot coffee and steaming bacon. At three o'clock, Saturday morning, the bugle again called the camp to life; the horses were fed and watered, the men ate their breakfast, filled their haversacks, and before dawn the 4th were on the road.

The ride was a severe one, for the rain still continued, and I was so closely enveloped in my overcoat that I had little chance to notice the scenery along the road, which, by the way, cannot be very attractive, for the footpaths of large armies are marked with that desolation and waste which only war can occasion. Here and there a log-cabin, filled with juvenile specimens of the "irrepressibles," who, in many cases will salute you with three cheers for Jeff. Davis, and, if considered safe,



throw a few stones by way of a "tiger." About ten o'clock we arrived at Upton's Hill, a place made famous by the rebels, who held it for some time, and upon their rude redoubt planted the "Bars and Stars" in the face of Washington.

Previously to our arrival a Michigan regiment had left their camp at short notice—so short, in fact, that they were obliged to leave nearly everything behind them. This camp soon became the centre of attraction, and the scene that followed would have been a splendid subject for Beller. Shoes, sheet-iron stoves, boots, stove-pipe, soap, sugar, cigars, candles, blankets, bibles, cards—cards had the preference—boxes, old hats, etc., etc., were strewn about in confusion. I never saw such a scene of waste as this deserted camp presented. Musket cartridges were strewn around by thousands, barrels of pork were upset, bread was scattered in every direction. Commissary stores of every description were carried off or destroyed by the stragglers, who sought for more valuable articles in the deserted tents. Later in the day an infantry regiment arrived in the vicinity, and a few hours afterwards not a tent or board was left upon the ground! The 4th was ordered to garrison Fort Ramsey, and with their borrowed tents and furniture were soon domiciled in their new quarters. The weather still continued unpleasant, and the next night was as dreary as the one on which they left their old camp. Evening came, and again rumor stated that the rebel cavalry was within ten miles of the fort. The first section was immediately ordered out to a work half a mile distant, and commanding the road to Fall's Church. We soon arrived at the redoubt, and found a detachment of Pennsylvania troops doing guard duty, gathered around two large fires, there being no shelter in the work. After putting our guns in position, we spread a tarpaulin over the pole of the limbers, and under this frail shelter spread our blankets, and were soon sound asleep, little dreaming that we were on the watch for Stuart's cavalry, then on their return from a circuit around the army of the Potomac. About three o'clock A.M. I was awakened by a rivulet trying to force a passage under my blanket. Believing discretion the better part of valor, in this particular case, I left, and was soon followed by my companions. For three long hours we stood around the fires in a drenching rain, watching very anxiously the eastern sky. Day broke at last, and the rain having ceased, we commenced preparing breakfast. A foraging party soon procured the needful articles, and with a bountiful meal before us, the hardships of the night were soon forgotten. The daring cavalry having no intention of attacking the forts around Washington, and this being substantiated by their rapid retreat to the Blue Ridge, Washington was considered "safe." We were accordingly ordered back to Fort Ramsey, and a few days later back to our old camp near Alexandria, where I am now writing. J. H. D.

**NATIONAL DEBT.**—Mr. Chase, in a letter dated October 23, states the public debt at less than \$640,000,000, of which upwards of \$70,000,000 was the legacy of the Buchanan Administration. He adds that the National expenditure is about a million and a quarter a day.

**SENDING SLAVES TO CUBA.**—The rebel steamer Gen. Rush, reported as having been chased ashore and burned on the coast of Cuba, instead of being loaded with cotton, carried over 400 negro slaves from Texas or Louisiana, and landed them successfully. This opening of a new trade is directly showing the white feather.

**THE ELECTIONS.**—If Lincoln has a majority of the Congress now being elected, it will be quite a remarkable piece of good fortune for the Republicans. For nearly 20 years past every Congress chosen with and favorable to the new President has been succeeded by a second Congress decidedly adverse to his policy. It was so in the second Congress under Harrison and Tyler, under Polk, under Taylor and Fillmore, under Pierce, and most decidedly so under Buchanan.

**THE CHARLESTON RAM.**—The people of Charleston, chiefly through the contributions of the ladies of that city, have completed an iron-clad ram, which was launched a few days ago. Mr. Yeaton, of the Charleston Courier, parodied the rite of baptism on the occasion, as follows:

"With all solemnity and reverence, and invoking on thee the blessing of Almighty God, noble boat, 'Palmetto State,' I baptize thee in the name of the patriotic ladies of South Carolina. Amen."

**THE BRITISH PECKSNIFF.**—In 1812-13, when England was at war with the United States, and seeking, by all means within her power, to deal us the most deadly blows, she found within our borders a class of people who might be incited to revolt. That class of people was the merciless Indian savages of our frontiers, and England did stimulate them to take up the firebrand and the hatchet. From Lake Erie to Pensacola on the Gulf, she had them combined in one vast conspiracy of blood and rapine; and one of the first fruits of this infamous alliance was the massacre of Fort Mims, in Alabama. On that fearful 30th day of August, 1813, nearly 500 men, women and children, who had fled for refuge to the fort, were butchered, scalped, mutilated and burned by the savage allies of Great Britain. It is the nation against whom that blasting record stands, upon the pages of their own and our own history, whom now raise their hands in hypocritical horror over a remote and almost impossible contingency, which they raise by a perverted construction of the President's Proclamation.

**THE late Gov. Morehead of Kentucky, now a rebel refugee in England, had a dinner given to him lately by certain rebel sympathizers in London, at the close of which he made a speech, wherein he declared that previous to the breaking out of the war he had an interview with Mr. Seward:**

"I met him, and he pledged his sacred honor that there should be no collision between the North and the South. 'Nay,' said he, 'Governor Morehead,' laying his hand on my shoulder to make it more emphatic, 'let me once hold the reins of power firmly in my hands, and if I don't settle this matter to the entire satisfaction of the South in 60 days, I will give you my head for a football.'"

**THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.**—The British Association for the advancement of Science met this year at Cambridge. It seems to have been very like the "Great International Exhibition" in London, great only in one thing—its failure. The Association meeting has been summarily described as "Science and Water."

**TAX ON MATRIMONY.**—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided that all marriage certificates must bear a 10 cent stamp in order to be valid. He does not tell us who is to pay it, the "happy man" or the parson. The Mormons have their women "sealed" to them; under the Boutwell dispensation they must be "stamped." Are babies to have a stamp affixed when born, under risk of being declared illegitimate? When a girl puts on long dresses and a boy patent leathers, must they have special stamps? And is stamping a "kiss" on the marble forehead of Jimima Jane (as Mr. Mortimer De Courcy does in the novel) a punishable interference with the Internal (Internal?) Revenue? Mr. Boutwell may consider these inquiries impertinent and silly, but they are quite as rational and important as are hundreds of others to which he responds blandly every day. Finally, how about the man who "bears the stamp of Cain on his forehead"? Doesn't he defraud the Revenue?

**THE English lady who has a mania for collecting the stamps of all nations in an album, will have to procure 95 different kinds which are used under our tax law, and expend \$196 53 to purchase one of each kind.**

**EMPLOYMENT FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS.**—A matter of benevolence and of public utility could be promoted by making known through the press generally what employment soldiers variously disabled by casualties in the war would be competent to follow. At this time especially, labor of all kinds is in demand, and a profitable field is open to apt and industrious men, who would be willing to learn such work as their peculiar injuries may leave them still competent to perform. Many branches of manufacture by machinery may be attended to perfectly well by those who have lost a leg or even a hand or an arm. We do not at this moment undertake to indicate what are the manufactures, but merely desire to invite attention to the subject. Many a good

man, maimed in battle, may now be despairing of adequate support for himself or his family because he is unable to return to his former trade. He only needs to be introduced to some of the various employments which our machine shops and other factories afford to find out that he can again be useful and independent. The importance, also, of preventing men from falling into habits of idleness and dissipation urges upon us the duty of furthering this object. Taking the country at large, many thousands of soldiers will be thrown upon it—a great number are already so—whose physical injuries will oblige them to seek occupations wholly new to them, or to live a burden to themselves and the community, morally as well as physically. Their condition, actual and prospective, appeals strongly in their behalf. So much has been done through associated effort to aid the soldiers in various ways, that we may hope the same kind and patriotic spirit will be exercised in the direction now pointed out. It might materially serve the end to organize a society, which should receive the applications of men seeking employment, and find for them such as would be suitable to their capacities. Our leading manufacturers would do themselves some honor, and possibly much service, by initiating this enterprise.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

**WROTE HIMSELF DOWN AN ASS.**—A correspondent of the London *Athenaeum*, writing from Naples, on the 13th ult., gives a very interesting description of a recent visit to the new discoveries among the ruins of Pompeii. After detailing his tour through the halls, galleries of paintings and bedrooms of what had been a noble palace, he says:

"I must not leave this house without noting that vulgar scribbles have already begun to leave their marks on the frescoed walls. M. A. Safford and Kitty Hill of the United States have been here. Who are M. A. Safford and Kitty Hill? The world will never know the names, except as representing two individuals who had no respect for art, and who did their little to deface what time has preserved for centuries."

**PRECISELY.**—Mr. Locke King, M. P., in a recent speech alluding to the war in this country said, "he could not help thinking that great good would result from this war. Nobody could doubt that it must end in the acknowledgment of the independence of the South, and if so, England would find the new republic one of the best customers of England, and that our whole trade with America would be vastly increased." When the Sepoys revolt again, what will Mr. King say if an American Congressman should advocate their success on the ground of the benefit it would give to American commerce?

**"RECOGNITION."**—The London *Spectator* treats Mr. Gladstone's speech, on which we took occasion to comment last week, as a semi-official revelation of the policy of the British Government, and adds:

"The recognition does nothing for our insular interests. It gives us no cotton. The Americans may blockade a recognized power just as well as unrecognized rebels, and with a much better show of right. All we shall gain is the certainty that in the very next great struggle in Europe, the North, with its strong marine will, be found in the ranks of our foes, a risk scarcely worth incurring in order to show our haste to recognise the only State on earth which has made out of slavery a primary political principle."

**A CAIRO dispatch states that the negroes at Helena, Ark., are unwilling to be sent North. Neither do they want to go back to slavery. They readily consent to work for wages, and arrangements are being made by which they are to be paid 50 cents per day, except in cotton picking, when they are to have 70 cents.**

**WE are sure from the groans, shrieks and incoherent ravings of the Nassau press, that Com. Wilkes is doing good service of that rascally, piratical den. He makes it his business to know the character of the vessels that go in and out there, and the process interferes with the profits of the pirates who infest it.**

**EAST TENNESSEE LOYALTY.**—Considerable interest was excited a few days ago at Lexington, Ky., by the arrival there of 300 loyal East Tennesseans, who had escaped through the mountains at infinite peril, to join the 3d Tennessee regiment in the Union service. They were almost entirely destitute of clothing, and many of them had neither shoes nor hats. The march through the rebel lines mainly by night, keeping concealed in the woods by day. During the journey they ran foul of Gen. Breckinridge's rebel encampment, but judiciously turned aside. They encountered snow 15 inches deep in the mountains. They came from 25 miles beyond Cumberland Gap, through Hopkins's Gap, and had neither arms, wagons nor provisions. These men represent the spirit which pervades East Tennessee—that loyal region which the Government and incompetent Generals has left to the tender mercies of the rebels!

**THE number of persons who have taken the oath of allegiance in New Orleans, under Gen. Butler's administration, is 67,920.**

**LOST.**—A Tennessee correspondent of the Richmond *Whig*, speaking of the late raid of the rebel Gen. Bragg into Kentucky, says exultingly:

"Just think of it, he has captured from the enemy, and purchased from the citizens together, enough to load a train of wagons 40 miles long. His whole army has fallen back towards the Gap to protect this valuable train, and as it is now safe from capture, Bragg will retire with his army just where it suits him. The arrival of this train will play smash with the jeans speculation in this country, as it is bringing 1,000,000 yards of good Kentucky jeans. They also bring a large amount of clothing, boots and shoes; 200 wagon loads of bacon, 6,000 barrels of pickled pork, 15,000 good mules and horses, 8,000 beeves, and a large lot of hogs."

**It was this overloaded army of Bragg's that our enterprising Buell could not overtake!**

**REBEL RETALIATION.**—The wild and bloody threats of retaliation and about raising the black flag, uttered by the members of the rebel Congress, on receiving the President's Emancipation Proclamation, simmered down into the following resolution:

"Resolved, by the Congress of the Confederate States, That the President will be sustained in resorting to such measures of retaliation as in his judgment may be demanded by the above recited lawless and barbarous conduct and designs of the enemy."

**THE MISTAKE.**—A writer in the last *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* says:

"The mistake of the moderate party of the North has been that of advocating war together with conciliatory measures. They have not realized the fact that the war has united the two sections against each other, and that the South being the weaker has been the most firmly united of the two. The South will listen to no conciliation, and will accept no compromise. They will not consent to treat upon any other basis than that of separation."

**THE next two or three weeks must decide the question whether our magnificent Army of the Potomac will be still lingering, with the return of spring, on the banks of that Lethian river, or pushing after the last armed forces of the rebellion in the swamps of South Carolina.**

**THE NEGRO.**—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, writing from Harper's Ferry, October 23d, says:

"Our pickets, too, seem to think it no harm to kill a negro, and the Irish troops especially delight in this sport. Every negro that is seen at night, or wandering in the woods in the daytime, is shot by our out-post guards, and many who come into our camps are shot 'by accident.'"

**OPENING THE MISSISSIPPI.**—The only interruption to the complete opening of the Mississippi river is at Vicksburg. Admiral D. D. Porter is preparing to reduce that position, and will do it. What the rebels think of the prospect may be inferred from the following extract from the Vicksburg *Whig*:

"If we lose the Mississippi, we lose Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas. We lose all the sugar and much of the stock and grain growing lands of the Confederacy. They will be cut off and of no benefit to us. The East will be severed from the West. A complete possession of all the territory west of the Mississippi is a physical and moral essential to our cause. The branches of a mutual commerce of ideas, sentiment, trade and blood are warped together more closely than the garbled boughs of those kin-

dred forests which stifle a twining brotherhood along our border line. We must not allow apathy and over-confidence to cut them off from us. Our present life and future career are staked upon the issue. If we lose them now it will take years of fighting to regain them. Everything then would be at the mercy of the enemy."

#### OUR FLAG.

Shine on, shine on thou glorious constellation!  
How pure the azure that surrounds thy stars!  
Thou hast a beauty of thine own creation,  
The murky vapor scarcely dims or mares,  
The red and white in their alternate bars,  
Morn's rosy light with that of noon more bright,  
Like belts of rubies wrought in snowy spars,  
Have made the banner dearest to our sight,  
The type of many States that in the one unite.

**BEFORE you commence anything, provide as if all hope were against you. When you must set about it, act as if there were not such a thing as fear. When you have taken all precautions as to skill in the circumstances against which you can provide, dismiss from consideration all circumstances dependent on luck which you cannot control.**

#### WAR NEWS.

##### Operations in Missouri.

**GEN. GRANT** dispatches from St. Louis an account of an affair at Putnam's Ferry on the 27th of Oct., in which 1,500 rebels were beaten by a body of Union troops under Col. Lewis, and a large number killed and captured. Gen. Grant also recounts that the expedition to Clarkson, 34 miles from New Madrid, under command of Capt. Rogers, has been entirely successful, disposing of the guerillas, killing 10; and mortally wounding two, capturing Col. Clarke, in command, Capt. Esthen, 3 lieutenants, 3 surgeons, 37 men, 70 stand of arms, 42 horses, 13 mules, 2 wagons, a large quantity of ammunition, burning barracks and magazines, and entirely breaking up the whole concern, without any loss to our troops.

##### Burning of a Vessel by the Rebels.

**THE ship Alleghanian, of New York, was partially destroyed by the rebels on Tuesday night, in Chesapeake Bay, near the Virginia shore. She was bound from Baltimore to London, and had anchored to await the subsidence of the storm which commenced on Sunday last. The rebels came from the mouth of the Potomac river in boats, boarded her, took the captain and a part of the crew prisoners, and set the vessel on fire. The fire was extinguished, however, by a boat's crew from a mortar schooner some distance off, from which the fire was discovered.**

##### Capture of a British Steamer.

**The British steamer Wachuta, Capt. Gilpin, was brought into Port Royal, October 23d, a prize to the gunboat Memphis, Commander Wartmaugh. She was captured after a full day's chase, off the coast of North Carolina. She threw overboard the greater portion of her cargo, and so strained her engines as to be unable to make steam. She is believed to have been loaded with arms and ammunition. The Wachuta is an iron steamer, built in London, and will prove a valuable prize.**

##### Rebel Defeat in Arkansas.

**Gen. Curtis telegraphs to Washington, under date of Oct. 24th: "The army of the frontier is again successful. Gen. Schofield's dispatches from Fayetteville, Ark. say that on yesterday, at daylight, Brig.-Gen. Herron, with the 1st Iowa cavalry and the 7th Missouri cavalry, attacked a rebel camp four miles east of that place. Our force was about 1,000 strong, while the rebel force numbered 3,000, commanded by Col. Cravens. After a sharp engagement of an hour the enemy was completely routed, leaving all his camp equipments and a few wagons. The loss of the enemy was eight dead on the field. Our loss was five wounded, one mortally. Gen. Herron pursued the rebel forces for several miles into the Boston Mountains."**

##### Another British Prize.

**The British brig Robert Bruce, of Bristol, Eng., was captured Oct. 23d, off Shallow Inlet, N. C., by the United States gunboat Penobscot, while attempting to run the blockade at that place. She has a cargo of medicines and woollen goods. She ran the blockade at Wilmington last December, taking in a cargo of arms and taking out a cargo of cotton. She measures 182 tons, English measure, four years old, full rigged and a very fine vessel.**

##### Execution of 10 Guerillas.

**On Saturday, Oct. 18, 10 rebel prisoners were shot at Palmyra, Mo., in accordance with orders issued by Gen. McNeill. Porter's guerillas had, some days previously, carried off one Andrew Allaman, an old man and non-combatant, from Palmyra, and Gen. McNeill promptly gave orders that if he were not returned to his family within 10 days, 10 prisoners should be shot. Mr. Allaman was not released, and Gen. McNeill executed his threat. It has since been ascertained that Allaman was murdered by the guerillas, with every circumstance of cruelty.**

##### More Anglo-Rebel Steamers Captured.

**Two Anglo-rebel steamers—the Anglia and Scotia—were captured on the 20th of Oct., by our cruisers. The latter is valued at \$600,000 and the former at \$300,000. Both prizes were taken into Port Royal. The rebel steamer Minnah was chased and driven ashore at the same time.**

##### Destruction of Rebel Salt Works.

**Commander Howell, of the gunboat Tahoma, under date of 14th of October, coast of Florida, reports to the Navy Department that on the 6th inst. an expedition left for the purpose of demolishing some rebel salt works upon the mainland. The expedition consisted of four boats from the Tahoma and four from the steamer Somerset, numbering in all 111 men. The expedition was entirely successful. Twenty-eight salt-boilers were destroyed and all the buildings within reach but two upon Way Key.**

##### Rebel Rout in Missouri.

**Gen. Curtis, under date of Oct. 27, telegraphs: "Brig.-Gen. Davidson informs me that Lieut.-Col. Leasor, with a force of cavalry, has pursued the enemy from Greenville, near Thomasville, Oregon county, where, on the 25th inst., he attacked and completely routed Col. Brown from a high hill, killing 8 and taking 18 prisoners, 25 stand of arms and 12 horses. The rebel forces of McBride and Parsons seem to retreat towards Yelville in Arkansas."**

#### CIRCULAR FROM MR. SECRETARY SEWARD.

**THE following circular, by Mr. Seward, addressed to all the diplomatic and consular agents of the United States, is published in the Paris papers. It will be noticed that the circular is dated on the same day as the Emancipation Proclamation:**

**DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.**  
**GENTLEMEN—**You will receive by the mail which will carry you this dispatch evidence which will convince you that the aggressive movement of the rebels against the States remaining faithful to the Union is arrested, and that the forces of the Union, strengthened and reanimated, are again ready to undertake a campaign on a vast scale. If you consult the newspapers you will easily perceive that the financial resources of the insurrection decline rapidly, and that the means of raising troops have been exhausted.

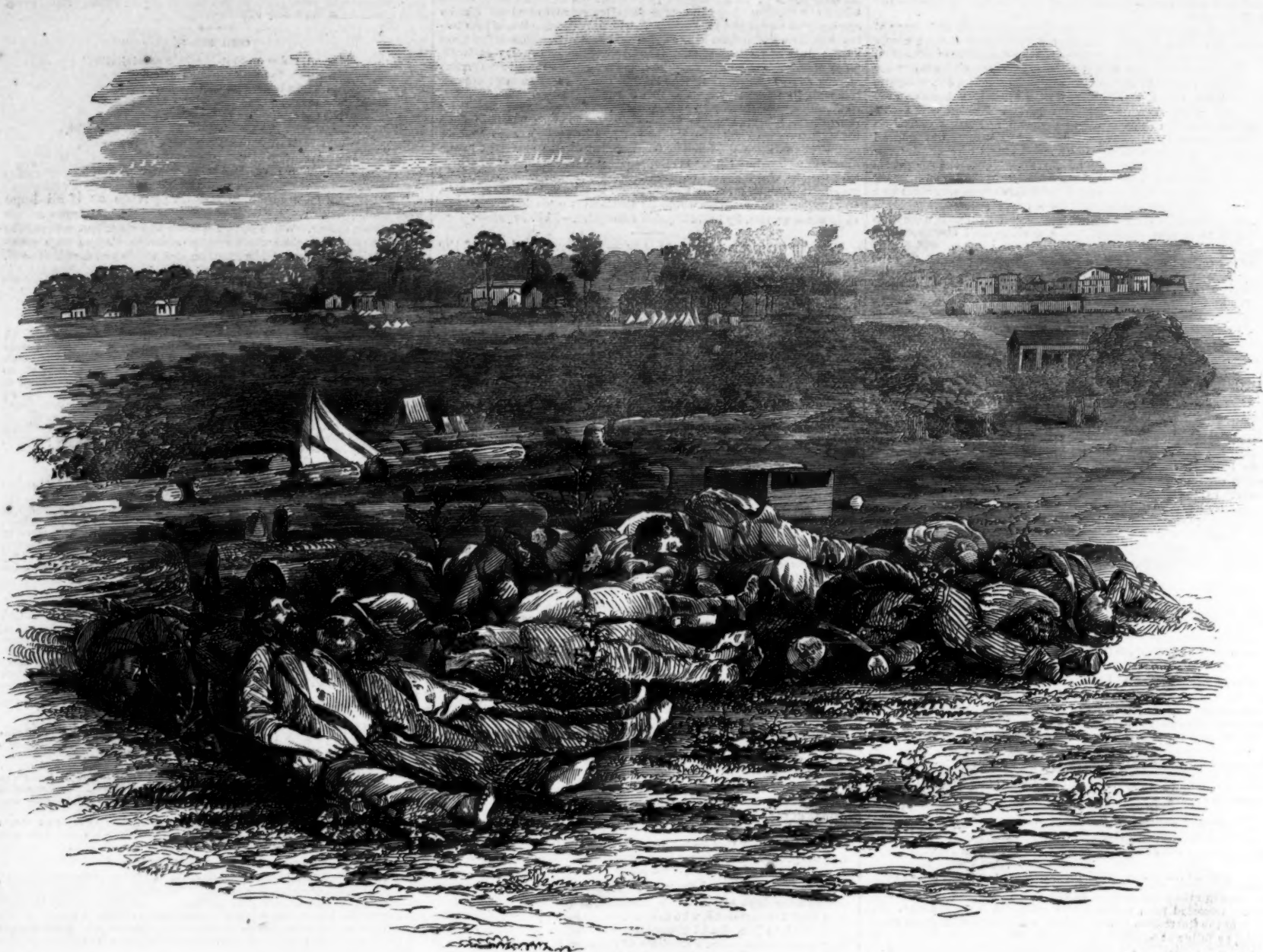
**On the other side, you will see that the financial situation of the country is good, and that the call for fresh troops, without which the material force of the nation would be seriously crippled, is being promptly responded to.**

**I have already informed our representatives abroad of the approach of a change in the social organization of the rebel States. This change continues to make itself each day more and more apparent. In the opinion of the President, the moment has come to place the great fact more clearly before the people of the rebel States, and to make them understand that if these States persist in imposing upon the country the choice between the dissolution of this Government, at once necessary and beneficial, and the abolition of slavery, it is the Union and not slavery that must be maintained and saved. With this object, the President is about to publish a proclamation, in which he announces that slavery will no longer be recognized in any of the States which shall be in rebellion on the 1st of January next. While all the good and wise men of all countries will recognize this measure as a just and proper military act, intended to deliver the country from a terrible civil war, they will recognize, at the same time, the moderation and magnanimity with which the Government proceeds in a matter so solemn and important. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant.**

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

**A YANKEE writes from Mexico: "A Spanish girl is the best grammar in the world; and since my arrival in town I have been studying grammar." We suppose he'll conjugate soon if the girl don't decline.**





BATTLE OF CORINTH, OCT. 4, 1862—APPEARANCE OF FORT ROBINETT WHEN TAKEN POSSESSION OF BY THE NATIONAL ARMY UNDER GEN. ROSECRANS—TWO REBEL GENERALS (JOHNSON AND RODGERS) LYING DEAD AMONG THE KILLED.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

#### FORT ROBINETT, NEAR CORINTH.

We present on page 116 an exact copy of a photograph sent to us by an officer in our Western army, showing the scene which presented itself to our men at Fort Robinett. As our readers are aware from our previous description, the battle at Corinth on the 3d and 4th of October was one of the most sanguinary in proportion to numbers that has occurred in the West, and it was contested on both sides with great valor and skill. Our troops were led by Rosecrans, and those of the enemy by Van Dorn, Price and Vilipigue. The rebels lost two Acting Brigadier-Generals, Johnson and Rodgers, who by a singular coincidence both fell at the same time, and within a few feet of each other. In addition to these officers, they lost Cols. Ross, Morton and McLaine, and Major James. An officer of the 3d Michigan cavalry says: "Fort Robinett was garrisoned by the 1st United States artillery, and here the greatest slaughter took place. In the roundabouts of the fort were found the remains of Gens. Johnson and Rodgers, and close to them were the bodies of 56 of their men, principally the 2d Texas and 4th Mississippi regiments. Gen. Rodgers was a brave man; he was killed

while planting the rebel flag upon the parapet of the fort, from which they were finally repulsed with great slaughter."

#### THIRD CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

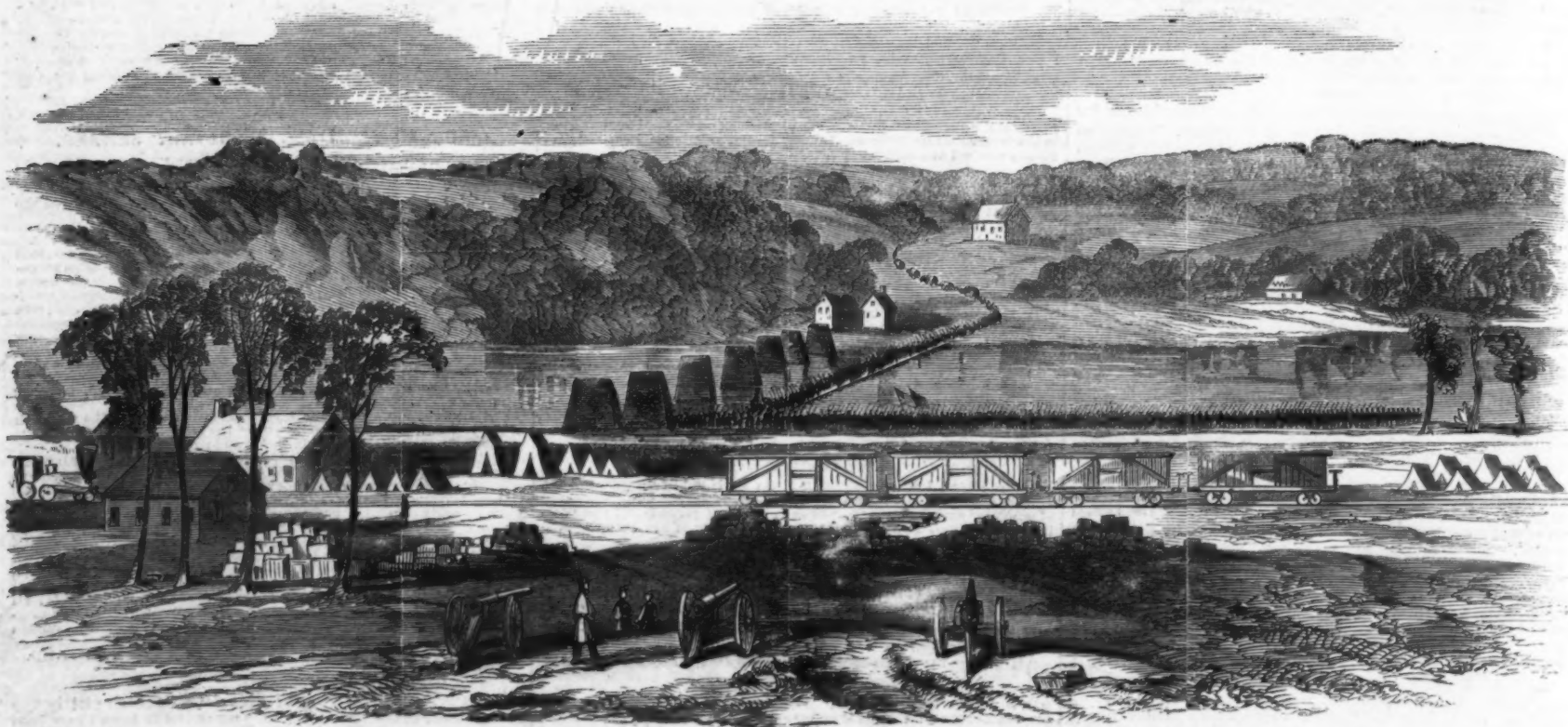
We continue in our paper to-day our sketches of the new campaign in Virginia, which we are enabled to do at every important point, having four Artists accompanying the different corps. The correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes from Harper's Ferry, under date of October 30:

"The Army of the Potomac will in future consist of three grand armies, nine corps, 30 divisions, 70 brigades. The first grand army will consist of the corps d'armée of Maj.-Gens. Reynolds (late Hooker), Fitzjohn Porter and W. B. Franklin, and will be commanded by the senior Major-General, Joseph Hooker. The second army will consist of the corps d'armée of Maj.-Gens. Couch (late Sumner), O. G. Wilcox (late Burnside), Slocum (late Banks), and will be commanded by senior Maj.-Gen. Ambrose Everett Burnside. The third grand army will consist of the corps d'armée of Maj.-Gen. Cox and two others now organized, and to whom permanent commanders

have not yet been assigned by the President. This army will be commanded by senior Maj.-Gen. Edwin V. Sumner. The rebel army in Northern Virginia is composed of two grand armies, under Lieut.-Gens. Jackson and Longstreet, consisting of four corps d'armée, of 12 brigades each, with artillery. The rebel cavalry arm forms a division, under command of Maj.-Gen. Stuart, who makes any detail for, or executes any order from Gen. Lee, and is entirely under the control of the Commanding-General, his cavalry being an independent organization."

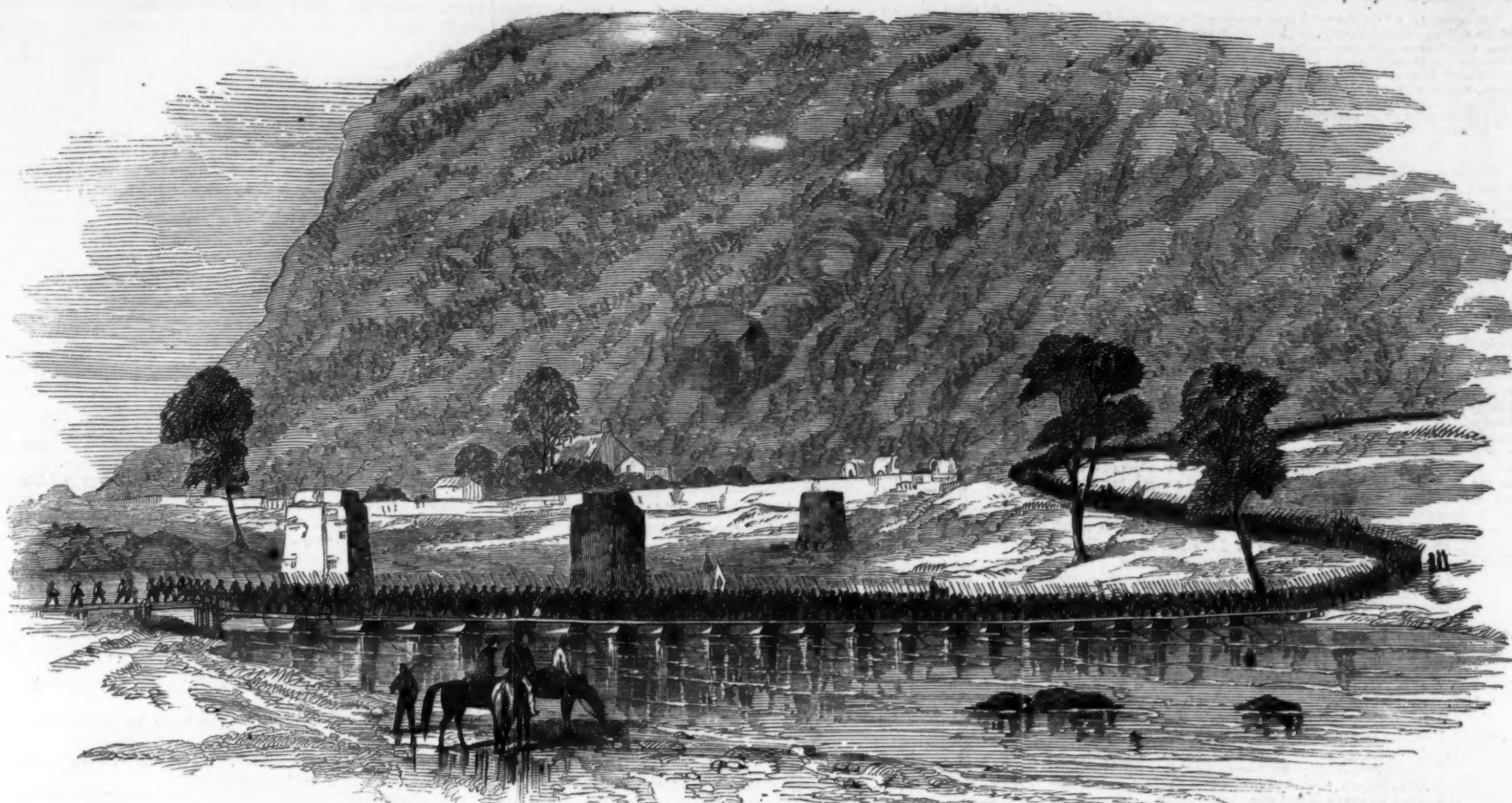
#### Burnside's Troops crossing the Potomac.

The two points where our troops passed from Maryland to Virginia were at Berlin and Harper's Ferry, at both which places pontoon bridges have been constructed. The movement commenced on the 23d and was completed on the 29th of October. Our Artist describes the scene on Sunday as most dismal. The day was dark, and a steady rain poured down; yet, with cheerful faces and unflagging spirits, our brave fellows moved on, now and then singing one of those good old hymn tunes to which their forefathers have often marched to battle. As usual, Burnside was, to use a somewhat jaded phrase, omnipresent, and superintended everything. He is



CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—GEN. BURNSIDE'S TROOPS MARCHING OVER THE PONTON BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC, AT BERLIN, MONDAY, OCT. 27, ON THEIR WAY TO LOUISVILLE, VA.





CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—GENERAL GRANT'S DIVISION CROSSING THE SHENANDOAH FROM HARPER'S FERRY TO TAKE POSSESSION OF LOUDON HEIGHTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

one of those few officers who are able to blend the genial with the dignified. He has a ready smile and a pleasant word for everybody, but I have never yet seen any one presume upon his *bonhomie*. To borrow Col. Hawkins's opinion of him, "I say he is a pleasant disciplinarian, and maintains better order with a smile than most other Generals do with a frown."

The New York Times correspondent, dating from Harper's Ferry, October 28th, says:

"The labor of building a new suspension bridge across the Shenandoah has been commenced. It is to restore the stone piers of the old bridge burned by the rebels, cost about \$3,000, and be completed within the course of a month. Lieut. Robins, of the 6th regiment artillery, and Sergeant Flood, of the United States engineer corps, assisted by 30 men, have charge of the work. Such a bridge is greatly needed in order to facilitate army movements and meet any emergency, such as the carrying away of the pontoon by a heavy freshet. The temporary railway bridge thrown across the Potomac as yet shows no signs of giving way, but many fear lest the heavy winter rains may sweep it away. The river was swollen slightly by the rain of Sunday, but has subsided again. The tax instituted on the sutlers and traders of the village realizes about \$300 weekly to the hospital fund."

Our sketch presents a view of the new pontoon temporary bridge, and the abutments of the old one, upon which is being reared the new suspension bridge.

#### Scene in a Street at Harper's Ferry.

We give to-day another specimen of the grotesque in war. Experience proves that where there is much excitement there is always a rollicking gaiety in proportion to the excitement. The terrible stimulus of war constantly produces scenes which almost approach those of a carnival. Among the younger of our soldiers this is very apparent, more especially among some of the Zouave regiments.

#### Reconnaissance to Charlestown.

Our Artist writes: "I resolved to accompany the reconnaissance this morning to Charlestown. It consisted of the 1st Rhode Island battery, Capt. Tompkins, the 1st California, and one Michigan regiment. We started at 8 o'clock, and were soon at the railroad station, Charlestown, just 8 miles from Harper's Ferry. Here we were just in time to seize some wheat belonging to Mr. Riddell, a secesh citizen of Charlestown. While I was looking around me on the quiver for a sketch, I saw a very pretty but considerably stuck-up young lady, who walked as though she was far too good for this earth. It was rather amusing as she came near two Union officers who were talking on the path, to see her raise her crinoline and bring her petticoats close around her as though to avoid the contamination of their touch. I caught her eye, gave her a sly wink and laughed. Were I to live a thousand years I shall never forget how she turned up her nose. I doubt if she will ever get it down again. It is a pity these fair rebels should ever so far forget themselves as to act thus, but when the war is over, a little love-making will perhaps make it all straight again."

#### BATTLE OF CHARLESTON and Savannah Railroad.

GEN. MITCHELL's first expedition has been a failure, and must convince the Government that, if any successful offensive operations are to be performed, he must be considerably reinforced. The only redeeming point in the late demonstration against the rebels in South Carolina is the steadiness and valor shown by our troops.

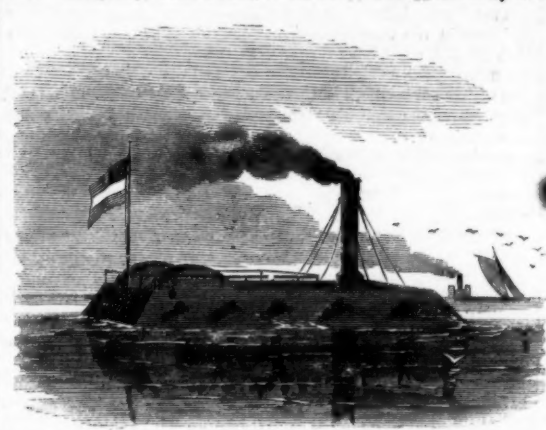
Gen. Mitchell having resolved to destroy the tresselwork bridges of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad crossing the Pocotaligo, Tullifinny and Coosawatchie streams, all of which are tributaries of Broad river, a landing was therefore resolved on at Mackay's Point, at the junction of Broad and Pocotaligo river, 24 miles from Hilton Head, and 11 miles from Pocotaligo. The attack was intended as a perfect surprise, but it was discovered from Lieut. Banks, who was captured, that the enemy had received information of the projected expedition, and were fully prepared.

#### Our Force.

The entire land force was composed of portions of the 1st and 2d Brigades of the 10th Army Corps, respectively com-

manded by Brig.-Gens. J. M. Brannan and A. H. Terry, the former, being senior officer, in chief command.

The army transports of light draught were not sufficient for the transportation of the number of men required for this service, and, in the emergency, Com. Godon, of the navy, was applied to by Gen.



THE REBEL IRON-CLAD R.M. LOUISIANA.

Mitchel for assistance. Com. Godon promptly agreed to take troops on the gunboats, and the soldiers were assigned as follows:

Gunboat Paul Jones, Capt. Charles Steadman, commanding naval forces, towing Wabash launches.

Transport Ben Deford, with 500 of the 47th Pennsylvania Volunteers and 400 of the 55th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Gunboat Genomough, with 350 of the 4th New Hampshire Volunteers.

Gunboat Wissahickon, with 250 of the 4th New Hampshire Volunteers.

Transport Boston, with 500 of the 7th Connecticut Volunteers, and 300 of the 3d New Hampshire Volunteers.

Gunboat Patroon, with 50 of the 3d New Hampshire Volunteers.

Gunboat Uncas, with 50 of the 3d New Hampshire Volunteers.

Transport Darlington, with 300 of the 6th Connecticut Volunteers.

The Relief and schooner, with 200 of the 6th Connecticut Volunteers.

Gunboat Marblehead, with 250 of the 3d Rhode Island Volunteers. Gunboat Vixen, with 70 of the 3d Rhode Island Volunteers. Steamer Flora, with 300 of the 76th Pennsylvania Volunteers. Gunboat Water Witch, with 130 of the 76th Pennsylvania Volunteers. Army gunboat George Washington, with 250 of the New York Volunteers.

Steamer Planter, with 300 of the 48th New York Volunteers. The Ben Deford towed a flatboat having on board a section of Lieut. Henry's battery 1st United States Artillery, and the Boston another flatboat carrying a section of Company E, 3d United States Artillery.

About midnight, Tuesday, 21st of October, the expedition started, but several hours were lost owing to the grounding of two of the boats. Meanwhile the tug Starlight was dispatched with some boats of the Paul Jones and a small company of soldiers of the 7th Connecticut, under Capt. Gray, to capture the rebel pickets at Mackay's Point and at a plantation on the Pocotaligo river, a few miles distant. This project was only partially successful. At the plantation Lieut. Banks, of the enemy's pickets, and three men were made prisoners, but through the incompetency of a negro guide the guard at the point escaped, giving warning of our approach.

#### Landing at Mackay's Point.

At 6 o'clock A.M., Wednesday, 22d of October, the troops commenced disembarking, and by 10 o'clock A.M. they were all landed, except a detachment of the 3d Rhode Island Volunteers, who were on board the gunboat Marblehead, and which had run ashore some miles down the river. The line of march was taken up soon after 10, the section of Lieut. Henry's battery being at the head of the column, with skirmishers of the 47th Pennsylvania regiment. Advancing slowly over an admirable road for seven miles, we failed, during the march, of encountering the enemy, who had prudently recoiled from a meeting until it should take place beyond range of our gunboats, although the nature of the ground afforded many excellent positions for defense.

#### The Fight.

The correspondent of the New York Times, who accompanied our Artist, thus describes the fight:

"The road alternated through dense woods and through marshes, only passable over a narrow causeway, save at one or two points. Choosing a position at the opposite end of this causeway, the enemy opened a furious fire of shell and canister on our advancing column, which was promptly met by the battery under Lieut. Henry. Immediately the order was given by Gen. Brannan for his brigade to form line of battle, the centre resting on the causeway. After a brisk fire of both musketry and artillery the rebels retired to the dense woods in their rear, tearing up the causeway bridge, which delayed the advance of our artillery until it could be repaired."

"Meanwhile the 1st brigade pressed on to the woods, which they penetrated, driving the enemy before them, and closely followed by the 2d brigade, under Gen. Terry, who came up with a cheer, and were quickly in the engagement. Here the fight, it may be said, fairly commenced—the enemy's sharpshooters picking off our men rapidly. The artillery fire from our side was not slackened while the bridge was being repaired, and it was not long before the batteries went forward to the work in support of the infantry."

"This action began between 12 and 1, and lasted about an hour, ending in the retreat of the rebels to another position at Frampton's plantation, which lies two miles beyond. The enemy were closely followed, and after a fight more hotly contested than the first, our troops were again victorious, the second time driving the rebels from their well-chosen position, and two miles beyond, which brought them up to Pocotaligo Bridge (not the railroad bridge), over which they crossed, taking shelter behind earthworks on the farthest side. To this point our troops nearly approached, but found farther progress impossible, as the bridge had been cut by the enemy on his retreat. This fact we construe into a clear acknowledgment of his defeat."

"Although these events are thus briefly noted, it required upward of five hours of impetuous and gallant fighting to accomplish them. At no one time was the entire field of combat in view from a given point, and I therefore find it impossible to speak in detail of the operations of my own regiment. Both brigades participated in the action, and both Gens. Brannan and Terry were constantly under fire, leading and directing the movements of their men, awakening enthusiasm by their personal bravery and the skillful manner in which they manoeuvred their commands."



CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—THE RECONNOISSANCE TO CHARLESTOWN—SCENE AT THE RAILROAD STATION—CHIVALROUS BEHAVIOR OF SECESS LADY.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



"Frequently, while the fight was progressing, we heard the whistles of the railroad trains, notifying us of reinforcements for the rebels, both from Charleston and Savannah, and even if we had had facilities for crossing the river, it would have been unwise to have made the attempt in view of these circumstances. Gen. Brannan therefore ordered a retreat, which was conducted in a most orderly manner; the regiments retiring in successive lines, carrying off their dead and wounded, and leaving no arms or ammunition on the field."

"Our loss was—killed, 15; wounded, 106; missing, 2. Total, 123."

#### Col. Barton's Division.

While these events were taking place, Col. Barton, of the 48th New York, with 300 of his own men and 50 of the 3d Rhode Island regiment, under command of Capt. J. H. Gould, went up the Coosa-watchie river, conveyed by the Patroon, to within two miles of the town of the same name. Landing this force here, a march was made to the village through which runs the railroad. Arrived there, they commenced tearing up the rails, but had scarcely engaged in the work when a long train of cars came from the direction of Savannah filled with troops. This train was fired into by our party, killing the engineer and a number of others. Several soldiers jumped from the cars while they were in motion, and were wounded. One was taken prisoner, 30 muskets were captured, and the colors of the Whippy Swamp Guards taken from the colorbearer, who was killed by our fire. The work of tearing up the rails was not accomplished in time to prevent the onward progress of the train, and our men afterwards completed the job—also cutting the telegraph and bringing away a portion of the wire with them. Col. Barton next attempted to reach the railroad bridge for the purpose of firing it, but was unable, as it was protected by a battery of three guns. Fearing that his retreat might be cut off by the enemy's cavalry, he gave the order to retire to the steamboat, which was done successfully. His men had nearly all embarked when the cavalry boldly came directly under the guns of the Planter and Patroon, and fired upon both steamers. A few rounds of canister dispersed them, and the only damage which they inflicted was the serious wounding of Lieut. J. B. Blanding, of the 3d Rhode Island Artillery.

#### AUTUMNAL DAYS.

It seems but yesterday that merry Spring  
Leapt o'er the lea, while clustering round her feet  
Sprang buds and blossoms, beautiful and sweet,  
And her glad voice made wood and welkin ring.  
Now Autumn lords it o'er the quiet lands,  
Like Joseph, clad in many-colored vest,  
Flinging rich largess from his bounteous hands,  
And calling upon man to be his guest;  
Like Joseph, he dispenses needful corn,  
And fruitage, too, of many a goodly tree,  
So that we may not feel ourselves forlorn,  
Pining for sustenance at Nature's knee.  
Corn, oil and wine! there's music in the sound!  
Oh, would that none might lack, when such blest gifts abound.

Not yet is Autumn desolate and cold,  
For all his woods are kindling into hues  
Of gorgeous beauty, mixed and manifold,  
Which in the soul a kindred soul transfuse.  
The stubble-fields gleam forth like tarnished gold  
In the mild lustre of the temperate day;  
And where the ethereal ocean is unrolled,  
Light clouds, like barques of silver, float away;  
Ruffling the colors of the forest leaves,  
The winds make music as they come and go;  
Whispers the withering brake; the streamlet grieves,  
Or seems to grieve, with a melodious woe;  
While in soft notes, that o'er the heart prevail,  
The ruddy-breasted robin pours his tender tale.

The varying seasons ever roll and run  
Into each other, like that arc of light,  
Born of the shower, and colored by the sun,  
Which spans the heavens when April skies are bright.  
First comes green-kirtled Spring, who leadeth on  
Blue-mantled Summer, of maturer age,  
Sultana of the year. When she is gone,  
Gold girdled Autumn, solemn as a sage,  
Reigns for a time, and on earth's ample page  
(Illumined by his hand) writes "Plenty here!"  
Then white-cowled Winter steps upon the stage,  
Like aged monk, keen, gloomy and austere.  
But he whose soul sustains no cloud or thrall,  
Perceives power, beauty, good and fitness in them all.

## AURORA FLOYD.

#### CHAPTER XXX.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

AURORA found a civil railway-official at the Doncaster station, who was ready to take a ticket for her, and find her a comfortable seat in an empty carriage; but before the train started, a couple of sturdy farmers took their seats upon the spring cushions opposite Mrs. Mellish. They were wealthy gentlemen, who farmed their own land, and travelled express; but they brought a powerful odor of the stable-yard into the carriage, and they talked with that honest northern twang which always has a friendly sound to the writer of this story. Aurora, with her veil drawn over her pale face, attracted very little of their attention. They talked of farmingstock and horseracing, and looked out of the window every now and then to shrug their shoulders at somebody else's agriculture.

I believe they were acquainted with the capabilities of every acre of land between Doncaster and Harrow, and knew how it might have been made "worth ten shillin' an acre more than it was, too, sir," as they perpetually informed each other.

How wearisome their talk must have seemed to the poor lonely creature, who was running away from the man she loved—from the man who loved her, and would love to the end of time.

"I didn't mean what I wrote," she thought. "My poor boy would never love me less. His great heart is made up of unselfish love and generous devotion. But he would be so sorry for me; he would be so sorry! He could never be proud of me again—he could never boast of me any more. He would be always resenting some insult, or imagining some slight. It would be too painful for him. He would see his wife pointed at as the woman who married her groom. He would be embroiled in a hundred quarrels, a hundred miseries. I will make the only return that I can ever make to him for his goodness to me—I will give him up, and go away and hide myself from him for ever."

She tried to imagine what John's life would be without her. She tried to think of him in some future time, when he should have worn out his grief and reconciled himself to her loss. But she could not—she could not! She could not endure any image of him in which he was separated from his love for her.

"How should I ever think of him without thinking of his love for me?" she thought. "He loved me from the first moment in which he saw me. I have never known him except as a lover—generous, pure, and true."

And in this mind Aurora watched the smaller stations, which looked like mere streaks of whitened woodwork as the express tore past them, though every one of them was a milestone upon the long road which was separating her from the man she loved.

Ah, careless wives, who think it a small thing, perhaps, that your husbands are honest and generous, constant and true, and who are apt to grumble because your next-door neighbors have started a carriage, while you are fain to be content with eightpenny airings in vehicles procured at the nearest cabstand, stop and think of this wretched girl, who, in this hour of desolation, recalled a thousand

little wrongs she had done to her husband, and would have laid herself under his feet to be walked over by him could she have thus atoned for her petty tyrannies, her petty caprices. Think of her in her loneliness, with her heart yearning to go back to the man she loved, and with her love arrayed against herself and pleading for him. She changed her mind a hundred times during that four hours' journey, sometimes thinking that she would go back by the next train, and then again remembering that her first impulse had been, perhaps, after all, only too correct, and that John Mellish's heart had turned against her in the cruel humiliation of that morning's discovery.

Have you ever tried to imagine the anger of a person whom you have never seen angry? Have you ever called up the image of a face that has never looked on you except in love and gentleness, and invested that familiar countenance with the blank sternness of estrangement? Aurora did this. She acted over and over again, in her weary brain, the scene that might have taken place between her husband and herself. She remembered that scene in the hackneyed stage play, which everybody affects to ridicule and secretly weeps at. She remembered Mrs. Haller and the Stranger, the children, the countess, the cottage, the jewels, the parchments, and all the old familiar properties of that well-known fifth act in the simple, social tragedy, and she pictured to herself John Mellish retiring into some distant country with his rheumatic trainer, Langley, and becoming a misanthropical hermit, after the manner of the injured German.

What was her life to be henceforth? She shut her eyes upon that blank future.

"I will go back to my father," she thought; "I will go back to him again, as I went before. But this time there shall be no falsehoods, no equivocations; and this time nothing shall tempt me to leave him again."

Amid all her perplexities, she clung to the thought that Lucy and Talbot would help her. She would appeal to passionless Talbot Bulstrode in behalf of her poor, heartbroken John.

"Talbot will tell me what is right and honorable to be done," she thought. "I will hold by what he says. He shall be the arbiter of my future."

I do not believe that Aurora had ever entertained any very passionate devotion for the handsome Cornishman; but it is very certain she always respected him. It may be that any love she had felt for him had grown out of that very respect, and that her reverence for his character was made all the greater by the contrast between him and the basborn schemer for whom her youth had been sacrificed. She had submitted to the decree which had separated her from her affianced lover, for she had believed in its justice; and she was ready now to submit to any decision pronounced by the man, in whose sense of honor she had unbounded confidence.

She thought of all these things again and again, and again, while the farmers talked of sheep and turnips, of Thorley's food, Swedes and beans, and corn, and clover, and of mysterious diseases, which they discussed gravely, under such terms as "red gum," "finger and toe," etc. They alternated this talk with a dash of turf scandal, and even in the all-absorbing perplexities of her domestic sorrows Mrs. Mellish could have turned fiercely upon these innocent farmers when they pooh-poohed John's stable, and made light of the reputation of her namesake, the bay filly, and declared that no horse that came out of the squire's stable was ever anything better than a plater or a screw.

The journey came to an end, only too quickly it seemed to Aurora. Too quickly, for every mile widened the gulf she had set between herself and the home she loved; every moment only brought the realization of her loss more fully home to her mind.

"I will abide by Talbot Bulstrode's advice," she kept saying to herself; indeed this thought was the only reed to which she clung in her trouble. She was not a strong-minded woman. She had the generous, impulsive nature which naturally turns to others for help and comfort. Secretiveness had no part in her organization, and the one concealment of her life had been a perpetual pain and grief to her.

It was past eight o'clock when she found herself alone, amidst the bustle and confusion of the King's Cross terminus. She sent a porter for a cab, and ordered the man to drive to Half-Moon Street. It was only a few days since she had met Lucy and Talbot at Felden Woods, and she knew that Mr. Bulstrode and his wife were detained in town, waiting for the prorogation of the House.

It was Saturday evening, and therefore a holiday for the young advocate of the Cornish miners and their rights; but Talbot spent his leisure amongst blue books and Parliamentary Minutes, and poor Lucy, who might have been shining, a pale star, at some crowded conversation, was compelled to forego the pleasure of struggling upon the staircase of one of those wise individuals who insist upon inviting their acquaintances to pack themselves into the smallest given space consistent with the preservation of life, and trample upon each other's lace flounces and varnished boots with smiling equanimity. Perhaps, in the universal fitness of things, even these fashionable evenings have a certain solemn purpose, deeply hidden under considerable surface frivolity. It may be that they serve as moral gymnasia, in which the thews and sinews of social amenity are racked and tortured, with a view to their increased power of endurance. It is good for a man to have his favorite corn trodden upon, and yet be compelled to smile under the torture; and a woman may learn her first great lesson in fortitude from the destruction of fifty guineas' worth of Mechlin, and the necessity of assuring the destroyer that she is rather gratified than otherwise by the sacrifice.

Noblesse oblige. It is good to "suffer and be strong." Cold coffee and tepid icecream may not be the most strengthening or delightful of food, but there may be a moral diet provided at these social gatherings which is not without its usefulness.

Lucy willingly abandoned her own delights; for she had that ladylike appreciation of society which had been a part of her education. Her placid nature knew no abnormal tendencies. She liked the amusements that other girls of her position liked. She had none of the eccentric predilections which had been so fatal to her cousin. She was not like that lovely and illustrious Spanish lady who is said to love the cirque better than the opera, and to have a more intense appreciation of a series of flying plunges through tissue-paper-covered hoops than of the most elaborate *fortuna* of tenor or soprano. She gave up something, therefore, in resigning the stereotyped gaieties of the London season. But, Heaven knows, it was pleasant to make the sacrifice. Her inclinations were fatted lambs, which she offered willingly upon the altar of her idol. She was never happier than when sitting by her husband's side, making extracts from the blue books to be quoted in some pamphlet that he was writing; or if she was ever happier, it was only when she sat in the ladies' gallery, straining her eyes atwart the floriated iron fretwork, which screened her from any wandering glances of distracted members, in her vain efforts to see her husband in his place on the Government benches, and very rarely seeing more than the crown of Mr. Bulstrode's hat.

She sat by Talbot's side upon this evening, busy with some pretty needlework, and listening with patient attention to her husband's perusal of the proof-sheets of his last pamphlet. It was a noble specimen of the stately and ponderous style of writing, and it abounded in crushing arguments and magnificent climaxes, which utterly annihilated somebody (Lucy didn't exactly make out who), and most incontrovertibly established something, though Mrs. Bulstrode couldn't quite understand what. It was enough for her that he had written that wonderful composition, and that it was his rich

baritone voice that rolled out the studied Johnsonianisms. If he had pleased to read Greek to her, she would have thought it pleasant to listen. Indeed there were pet passages of Homer which Mr. Bulstrode now and then loved to recite to his wife, and which the little hypocrite pretended to admire. No cloud had darkened the calm heaven of Lucy's married life. She loved and was beloved. It was a part of her nature to love in a reverential attitude, and she had no wish to approach nearer to her idol. To sit at her Sultan's feet and replenish the rosewater in his chibouque; to watch him while he slept and wave the punkah above his seraphic head; to love and admire and pray for him, made up the sum of her heart's desire.

It was close upon nine o'clock when Mr. Bulstrode was interrupted in the very crowning sentence of his peroration by a double knock at the street door. The houses in Half-Moon Street are small, and Talbot flung down his proof-sheet with a gesture expressive of considerable irritation. Lucy looked up, half sympathizingly, half apologetically, at her lord and master. She held herself in a manner responsible for his ease and comfort.

"Who can it be, dear?" she murmured; "at such a time, too!"

"Some annoyance or other, I dare say, my dear," answered Talbot. "But whoever it is, I won't see them to-night. I suppose, Lucy, I've given you a pretty fair idea of the effect of this upon my honorable friend the member for—"

Before Mr. Bulstrode could name the borough of which his honorable friend was the representative, a servant announced that Mrs. Mellish was waiting below to see the master of the house.

"Aurora!" exclaimed Lucy, starting from her seat and dropping the fairy implements of her work in a little shower upon the earpet; "Aurora! It can't be, surely? Why, Talbot, she only went back to Yorkshire a few days ago."

"Mr. and Mrs. Mellish are both below, I suppose?" Mr. Bulstrode said to the servant.

"No, sir; Mrs. Mellish came alone in a cab from the station, I believe. Mrs. Mellish is in the library, sir. I asked her to walk upstairs; but she requested to see you alone, sir, if you please."

"I'll come directly," answered Talbot. "Tell Mrs. Mellish I will be with her immediately."

The door closed upon the servant, and Lucy ran towards it, eager to hurry to her cousin.

"Poor Aurora," she said; "there must be something wrong, surely. Uncle Archibald has been taken ill, perhaps; he was not looking well when we left Felden. I'll go to her, Talbot; I'm sure she'd like to see me first."

"No, Lucy, no," answered Mr. Bulstrode, laying his hand upon the door, and standing between it and his wife; "I had rather you didn't see your cousin until I have seen her. It will be better for me to see her first."

His face was very grave, and his manner almost stern as he said this. Lucy shrank from him as if he had wounded her. She understood him very vaguely, it is true; but she understood that he had some doubt or suspicion of her cousin, and for the first time in his life Mr. Bulstrode saw an angry light kindled in his wife's blue eyes.

"Why should you prevent my seeing Aurora?" Lucy asked; "she is the best and dearest girl in the world. Why shouldn't I see her?"

Talbot Bulstrode stared in blank amazement at his mutinous wife.

"Be reasonable, my dear Lucy," he answered very mildly; "I hope always to be able to respect your cousin—as much as I respect you. But if Mrs. Mellish leaves her husband in Yorkshire and comes to London without his permission—for he would never permit her to come alone—she must explain to me why she does so before I can suffer my wife to receive her."

Poor Lucy's fair head dropped under this reproof.

She remembered her last conversation with her cousin; that conversation in which Aurora had spoken of some far-off day of trouble, that might bring her to ask for comfort and shelter in Half-Moon Street. Had the day of trouble come already?

"Was it wrong of Aurora to come alone, Talbot dear?" Lucy asked meekly.

"Was it wrong?" repeated Mr. Bulstrode, fiercely. "Would it be wrong for you to go tearing from here to Cornwall, child?"

He was irritated by the mere imagination of such an outrage, and he looked at Lucy as if he had suspected her of some such intention.

"But Aurora may have had some very particular reason, dear?" pleaded his wife.

"I cannot imagine any reason powerful enough to justify such a proceeding," answered Talbot; "but I shall be better able to judge of that when I've heard what Mrs. Mellish has to say. Stay here, Lucy, till I send for you."

"Yes, Talbot."

She obeyed as submissively as a child, but she lingered near the door, after her husband had closed it upon her, with a mournful yearning in her heart. She wanted to go to her cousin and comfort her, if she had need of comfort. She dreaded the effect of her husband's cold and passionless manner upon Aurora's impressionable nature.

(To be continued.)

#### THE REBEL IRON-CLAD LOUISIANA.

AMONG the various defences on which the rebels relied to prevent the passage of the Mississippi river by the National flotilla, apart from "booms," fireboats, forts and iron-clad gunboats, was the great iron floating battery Louisiana, of 4,000 tons, with four engines, two wheels and two propellers, carrying 16 11-inch guns. This vessel, which Captain, now Admiral Porter describes as "the most formidable vessel ever launched," was not quite complete when the flotilla "ran the forts," but, nevertheless, took part in the action. She was blown up by her commander while the negotiations for the surrender of the forts was in progress. Col. Higgins, the commander of Fort Jackson, when asked what was meant by such a violation of the proprieties of war, replied that he was "not responsible for the acts of the d—d blackguards of the flotilla!"

#### NEWS, SCRAPS AND ITEMS.

At Tiffin, Ohio, the other day, Van Amburg's trained elephant "Hannibal," broke open the wagon of a candy pedlar who followed the show, and gobbled down in less time than it takes to read this paragraph, 6,000 gingerbread cakes, 70 pounds of assorted candy, and 40 pounds of French kisses. It is a question among eyewitnesses which was the most sublime spectacle, the complacency of Hannibal after going through the establishment, or the frantic despair of the candy pedlar upon discovering the extent of his loss, amounting to something over \$80.

The French Government is said to have made a demand upon King Leopold for the expulsion of Louis Blanc from Belgium. M. Blanc's offence was the speech he made at the Brussels banquet to Victor Hugo.

WASHINGTON is described as thronged with people at present, and the avenue is very lively, except that no ladies and many uniforms are seen.

The Commissioners upon the emancipated slaves in the District of Columbia expect to finish their business next month. The number paid for by Government will be about three thousand.

MR. EDWARD HASSEL, a Berlin architect, who was employed for a number of years in the Petersburg and Moscow railway, and constructed many of the far-famed ice palaces of St. Petersburg, proposes constructing an ice palace on the river opposite Montreal, Canada, next winter, if he can meet with sufficient encouragement from the citizens. The building will be 40 feet high, 114 feet long, and 55



feet deep, and constructed much in the same style as the Court House, but with this addition, that it will be surrounded by a colonnade and topped with a dome, all with the exception of the windows and doors to be built of ice. A large skating rink will be annexed to the building. The rooms, which will include a large ballroom, ladies' and gentlemen's rooms, etc., will be all heated by stoves, and warranted not to melt.

#### PERSONAL.

THOMAS STEWART, aged 92 years, of East Newton, Ohio, was a private in the 101st Ohio regiment, and took part in the battle of Perryville, where he was complimented for his bravery and soldierly bearing. He has four sons, two grandsons and three sons-in-law at present in the army. He was born in 1770, at Litchfield, Conn., where his father now resides, aged 122 years.

DAVID DAVIS, of Illinois, has been appointed by President Lincoln an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He is assigned to the Sixth Judicial District.

CAPT. EDWARD VENUTI and Lieut. Juen Juiz y Castillo, late of the 37th New York regiment, have been naturalized through the Circuit Court for the District of Columbia. These are believed to be the first cases under the recent law conferring full citizenship for one year's faithful service in the army.

MRS. UPRIGHT, of Rockford, Winnebago county, Ill., has eight sons in the army, fighting the battles of the Union. She has also three more left ready for the next call for volunteers. Is it any wonder that Illinois has filled her quota and has 10,000 surplus?

HERE is a case which "comes next." Mr. John Page, of McIndoes' Falls, Vermont, has a son-in-law and 11 grandsons in the Federal army.

COL. THOS. G. LAMAR died in Charleston on Friday, the 17th Oct. He commanded the Confederates in the memorable battle of Secessionville, near Charleston.

THE present British Consul at Spezzia is the Irish novelist, Charles Lever.

It is said that Adelina Patti, after her present tour, will fulfil operatic engagements in Paris, Vienna and London. Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" will be produced for her debut in Vienna, in October, 1863; and in the spring of 1864 she will sing at Naples, in a new opera written expressly for her by Verdi, who will probably select Victor Hugo's "Esmeralda" for the subject, a character admirably suited to the dramatic specialties of Mlle. Patti. During the summer season of 1864, she is again to form one of the company at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and in the September and October following will appear at Madrid, concluding this remarkable series of engagements in Paris during the months of November and December, 1864, and January, 1865.

GEN. CHARGARNIER, of France, denies "that President Lincoln had offered him the command of the Federal forces." The report would never have been heard of but for the denial.

GEN. WM. STARKE ROSECRANS, who has been appointed to the command of the Western Army in place of Gen. Buell, was born in Ohio on the 6th of December, 1819. He graduated at West Point in 1842. Before the present war begun he filled various positions under the Government, displaying much ability in the discharge of the duties of the respective stations. His campaign in Western Virginia—the victory of Rich Mountain, the defeat of Floyd at Carnifax Ferry, which resulted in driving the rebels out of that department—was of the most brilliant character. His recent successes at Iuka and Corinth are fresh in the public mind.

MRS. FREMONT ("JESSIE"), wife of Gen. John C. Fremont, has written a book entitled "The Story of the Guard; a Chronicle of the War," which will soon be issued from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. We understand the volume will contain several private domestic letters of great interest from her husband and his soldiers. The profits of this book are to be devoted to Mrs. Fremont to the support of the widows and children of the fallen brave officers who perished in the fight at Springfield, Mo.

MR. JOHN VAN BUREN must feel complimented to see all his recent speeches reproduced, with approval, in the Richmond and Charleston papers. The Richmond Dispatch says: "We appreciate the superior civility and magnanimity of Mr. Van Buren and his friends to the Republicans."

COL. GUSTAVE CLUSERET, who commanded the advance, first of Fremont's army then of Sigel's corps, has been appointed Brig.-Gen. by the President for gallant and distinguished services in the field.

THE brave Col. Solomon Meredith, of the Indiana volunteers, has been commissioned by the President a Brig.-Gen. for gallant and meritorious services in the field.

#### WEEKLY GOSSIP—MUSIC, DRAMA, ETC.

A STRANGER bent upon seeking amusement in New York would hardly credit that the country was in the midst of a desolating civil war. Let him visit the theatres, high or low grade, the minstrel halls, the concert saloons, and he will find one and all crowded by as free-from-care a people as the world could produce. Such is life! And we can hardly blame the people for it, for the human heart fights bravely against trouble, and will not realize a great sorrow until it is overtaken by it and cannot escape. It is probable that the thoughtful may sometimes hear the groans of the wounded or dying in the pauses of delicious music; but the shudder is momentary, and its very recollection is banished by the strains of melody, which fascinate the ear and absorb all other sensations. Such crowds of thoughtless pleasure-seekers have thronged Gottschalk's concerts, at the beautiful Irving Hall, for two weeks past. The three or four last concerts were thronged to overflow, and the enthusiasm of all present was altogether unexampled. Almost every piece was encored, so that the programme was in most cases doubled. It is the fashion to complain of the encore system, but we do not see how it is to be remedied. The public will express its satisfaction at that which pleases it, and the fortunate artist is too much gratified at his success not to acknowledge the compliment. A *blasé* few—generally dead-heads—will always object, but we believe that in most cases the encore expresses the wish of the majority, and the right of the majority to be heard cannot be denied in this country. We have not anything new to-day about Gottschalk or his playing. We have said that the more he is heard the more keenly and truly his playing is appreciated. It is true that he repeats himself, but that is exactly what every one desires, for ever in these repetitions some new fanciful charm is observed, or some new and exquisite shade of feeling is developed. Gottschalk is always Gottschalk, and therefore never twice alike, for it is the province of genius to beautify whatever it touches, and invest even its own exquisite creations with flashes of fancy still more exquisite. The perpetual freshness of expression of thought is the charm which holds the public mind in thrall, and which attracts the crowds which overflow Irving Hall when Gottschalk appears. The great popularity of Moreau Gottschalk is a fact of which we feel proud, for it is an indication of refined taste in our musical circles, which cannot fail to be beneficial to the cause of art in our midst. A new lady pianist appeared at the last concert of Gottschalk, and was deservedly successful. Miss Barnetche has a clear and brilliant finger, and her scale passages were rapid, equal and finely articulated. She has also considerable power, and plays with expression and judgment. To assist Gottschalk in his difficult "Trovatore" duet the performer must needs be of a high order of talent, and it is no small praise when we say that Miss Barnetche was equal to the part she undertook. We must say a few words for Mr. Ebes, whose performances on the flute attracted great attention. His tone is rich and pure, his execution remarkable, and his style is refined and expressive. He won several encores, and richly deserved them. He undoubtedly stands foremost among the flutists of the city. Theodore Thomas, under whose charge all Gottschalk's concerts were given, added much to the pleasure of the entertainments by his really excellent violin playing. His tone is large, his style broad, and his reading of all he plays intelligent and purely artistic. His fault as a solo performer is a certain coldness, a classical rigidity, which implies a substitution of art for nature, and which, though faultless in rule, is devoid of the great charm of sympathy, and lacks that inspired impulse which gives to the expression of the piece an individual and personal sentiment, making it a reality of feeling, which the hearer at once recognizes and unconsciously acknowledges its powerful magnetic influence. We are always glad, nevertheless, to listen to Theodore Thomas, for he is both a fine artist and a conscientious musician.

Mr. Grau commences his campaign at the Academy of Music on Monday next, the 10th inst., with a very strong and effective company. The opening night will introduce to the public Senora Guerrabella, an artist of extensive European ability, and a lady of rare personal beauty. We have seen extended notices of her performances abroad, and if she can sustain the praise bestowed thereon, she must be a dramatic vocalist of great power and will assuredly create a sensation. Her debut will be in Verdi's popular opera of "Il Traviata." Another new prima donna, Mlle. Cordier, by name, and said to be a beautiful, fascinating and tal-

ented, will succeed Guerrabella, making her debut in Meyerbeer's charming opera, "Dinorah," which is a novelty here, and about which there is much curiosity. Also, another prima donna, Madame Lorini, nee Whiting, who, though an American, has become a European celebrity, and will appear in her celebrated rôles of Norma and Lucrezia Borgia. These, with the addition of a new contralto, Mlle. Morendi, from Havana, Carlotta Patti and perhaps Miss Kellogg, will form a strength of female talent and attraction rarely to be met with in the largest capitals in Europe. The other members of the company are Brignoli, Amadio, Maccaferri, Susini, and Barilli. Signor Musio will conduct, and if the season is not a success, it will not be the fault of the management.

Forrest has appeared this last week in one of the pieces which he has made entirely his own—we allude to "Jack Cade, the Bondman of Kent." Unlike the other characters which we have this season seen him in, he has but little improved on this, for the sufficient reason that from the first he had marked it out with his own distinct individuality and made it a standard piece with all his admirers. When we say his admirers, we mean the public in contradistinction to the critics, for the public has always stamped the man with the seal of its approbation, and when this is the case criticism must invariably be at fault, which withholds its concurrent fiat. Nothing could have been grander than the termination of the second act, in which Madame Ponisi, as Cade's wife, supported him admirably. So vigorously and strongly was it given by him, that the curtain had scarcely descended before he was imperiously called before it to listen to the outbreak of the popular enthusiasm. In all respects he looked, moved and acted as the stalwart Kentishman whom Judge Conrad plucked from the hands of Shakespeare to redeem from the opprobrium of years. In the great scene with Lord Say, he was sublimely powerful, contrasting in a strangely vivid manner his electrical power in this character with the ponderous delicacy shown in his treatment of Claude Melnotte which we commented upon last week. We may perchance then have been somewhat unjust to the man, but we are convinced that we have in our present series of notices done him a closer and more honest justice than he has ever before received. If this justice has been favorable to the artist, he has to thank himself, rather than ourselves, for we have endeavored to translate upon the paper the impression which he had made upon us, and have given truly and clearly the effect produced upon our judgment by one of the most marked and positive individualities which has ever trodden upon our own or any other stage.

At Wallack's Theatre the new comedy, "Bosom Friends," has proved a most positive success. It has attracted the largest and most brilliant audience of the week, and seems to increase nightly in favor with the visitors of this elegant establishment. It is alternated with the old comedies, which are finely performed and are put upon the stage in the most perfect manner. The course of this theatre is a series of uninterrupted successes.

Mr. Booth was not successful in his delineation of Romeo. He should have supposed that the character would have proved peculiarly adapted to his style, but he seemed to have scarcely studied it. The whole performance was careless, may almost slovenly, and quite unworthy the scholarly reputation of Edwin Booth. He acts Claude Melnotte this week, supported by Mrs. Barrow. We anticipate much pleasure in this performance.

"No Rest for the Wicked," at Laura Keane's, is nightly greeted with roars of laughter. Without any positive literary merit, it is a framework upon which are strung many curious and laughable incidents, which excite our laughter by their grotesque extravagance. The acting is most excellent; Blake is the life of the piece, and Laura Keane, who seems to have gained a new lease of life, she looks so like the Laura of years past, is perfectly fascinating. Mrs. Robertson and Miss Leigh must also be favorably mentioned as adding materially to the excellence of the cast. Christmas time will bring forward a new fairy tale called "Blondette," which Laura Keane has had in preparation for several months, and which is to be a miracle of gorgeousness and beauty. This is good news for the holiday folks, for they know that when Laura sets her mind upon a specialty, it is generally something to talk about and to marvel at.

Commodore Nutt and suite are staying at Barnum's (Museum) for a few days, previous to their departure for Europe. The Commodore has been on a visit to the President at Washington, and has returned loaded with presents and favors from that distinguished individual, and with private diplomatic credentials, which will make him pass current at all the European, Asiatic and Australian courts. He will hold public levees at Barnum's (Museum) for a few days as a general farewell to his admirers. This announcement will doubtless attract hosts of visitors to take a last look at the gallant and accomplished little Commodore, and to wish him all the success and happiness possible. We forbear to mention the countless attractions by which the Commodore is surrounded, but we advise our friends to lose no opportunity of visiting Barnum's and seeing all that is to be seen, which is various and considerable.

#### WHAT THE WORLD ABROAD SAYS.

NOT SO ROMANTIC.—A correspondent of the London Post takes a spiteful turn at Garibaldi, in this wise: "It is melancholy to witness the lamentable effects produced upon Garibaldi's mind by his wound, and still more by his captivity. His proclamations have at all times had a tendency to theatrical exaggeration (a common fault among Italians), but the frothy nonsense which he has lately published in the shape of an address to England must be set down at what it really is—a tissue of vapors, dictated under the influence of fever. The Italian papers received to-day contain another document from the captive of Varignano—an address to the Swedes. It is, if possible, wilder and more incoherent than his appeal to England."

THE GRAVE OF LAMB.—The London Saturday Review says that the grave of Charles Lamb is neglected in a disgraceful manner, and is tumbling to ruin, to say nothing of the fact that it is disgraced with an epitaph for writing which any pedagogue would flog a schoolboy.

PUNCH ON ITALY.—The last leading cut in Punch gives us the Pope as an old woman seated in a railway station, while Victor Emanuel and Louis Napoleon, as porters, are quarrelling over her luggage. Victor says to Louis, "Now, then, you look after the old woman while I take care of the luggage."

THE EMPRESS AND THE CASIL.—All the world knows that Eugenie is frightfully extravagant, and sometimes frightens her spouse and the "Minister of Finance" terribly, and yet we see that the latter gentleman, in making up his budget for the year, comes out \$16,000,000 ahead, in spite of her pin money.

NEWS OF KOSSUTH.—Notwithstanding the Hungarian did not treat the people of America right, they will regret to hear of his death. He is now in Turin, in a deplorable anxiety on account of his wife's health. She is dying. Within the last four years he has lost several near relatives, among which was his only daughter, and to add to these troubles he is growing poor. He has two sons in Government employ, at Turin, but their pay is so small that it barely supports them.

THE EAST INDIAN REBEL.—News from Cawnpore says that the brother of Nana Sahib has been hanged at that place.

INTERESTING TO OSCANYON.—The Scottish Farmer declares the Turkish bath infallible in the cure of sheep diseases. It recommends the application at 212—boiling point—boiled mutton without capers, unless the sheep execute them.

THE VELOCIPED.—Many of our old citizens will remember how, about half a century ago, a rage grew in New York for this method of locomotion, and how the streets became so full of these leg-worked horse-carriages that a municipal edict had to be issued against them. We see now that the fashion is arising in England, and that two gentlemen have been experimenting on travelling long distances. They went from Bristol to London, 118 miles, in 27 hours and a half, and after staying three days in the metropolis returned to Bristol in 18 hours, that being at the uniform rate of six miles per hour on the return journey.

DOWN UPON HATS AND BONNETS.—The London Examiner is severe upon the present fashion of skull pieces. It says: "We still disgrace our heads by wearing black chimney pots on them; the hat remains a hard reality, while ladies' bonnets have ceased to be at all useful as head coverings, and exist only as misshapen, much bedizened milliner's nightmares." Cruel!

OUR OLD FRIEND.—Bourcicault has taken Astley's and wants to build a new theatre in London. He promises to do away with the present physical inconveniences of the dramatic temples of that city. He writes to the London Times, and in his letter makes the very strange statement that he built the Winter Garden of this city!

SLEEPWALKING.—A laboring man at Angoulême, France, while on a visit to a friend, took a notion to walk in his sleep. He got up, and, opening a window, fell 20 feet to the pavement, without awaking; after which he started off on a walk through the town, and only came to himself on being challenged at the barrier.

CAME NEAR BEING EATEN UP.—A celebrated lion-tamer of Germany, M. Menz, was engaged, a short time since, in breaking in a panther, when the animal rose upon him, and, after giving M. Menz a terrible bite, sprang at a keeper standing near, and mortally wounded him. It was only with great difficulty that the body of the man could be rescued.

PALACE LIFE OF EUGENIE.—The last number of the St. James's Magazine has some pleasant gossip about the home life of the Empress that will bear repeating. The writer takes us into the sanctuary of Eugenie, her boudoir and bedroom. On Napoleon being made Emperor, he immediately commenced putting the Tuileries in order, to make it a home. The apartments of the Empress lack nothing that

will render them models of taste and luxury. The doors are of ivory, inlaid with gold; the furniture of the most artistic form in rosewood, inlaid with gold, mirrors or ivory; the sofas or chairs are covered with a pale red silk; the walls hung with a dark paper; and the ceiling is in exquisite fresco. A magnificent Smyrna carpet covers the floor and deadens the sound of the foot. Upon the walls hang the most exquisite copies of pictures, from the galleries of Versailles and the Louvre, and family portraits, while camellias and oddendendras fill the interior. The windows are always filled with fresh flowers, and upon the writing-table lie portfolios and books, beautifully bound, in tortoise-shell and gold. The light is beautifully toned by red silk curtains, edged with black velvet, which throw a subdued and poetical hue on every object.

Now the writer is supposed to be closeted with the Empress. The royal lady enters. She proceeds to a sofa, and sinks into the soft cushions. Her waiting-maid is dismissed. She leans back on the cushions, as if fatigued by the bath she has just taken, so that the light muslin dress is gently raised, and exposes the white silk stockings and the gaiters as high as the ankle. She seems to have attained the exquisite she has sought, and her beautiful head is thrown back in a cloud of pale golden hair. The blue eye is only half visible beneath the lid, and the whole appearance indicates exhaustion and fatigue. The forehead, broad and slightly arched, displays those fine ripple marks which a woman of 30 fears, and which a woman of 30, the age of the Empress, endures with a sigh.

Now enters the young Napoleon. He is tall for his age—six years—and delicate, and has a round, healthy face and his mother's large blue eyes and fair hair. His whole appearance denies the reports of his bodily weakness. He is simply dressed in a kilt and white chemise, a loose black handkerchief and plaid stockings. Once more the door opens and Louis himself enters. The Empress is simply attired in black, and in every movement shows that reliance which has won him the marvellous name in which all the world agrees. There is a look of quiet fondness in his eyes as he draws the Empress into his arms and presses one salute upon her forehead. She is more to him than a mere wife, she is a part of his existence, and however enamoured the Prince President may have been with the Countess of Montijo, he never would have wedded her had he not known there was in her the zealous ally, more valuable to his dynasty than any alliance with a kingly house. Eugenie attracted Napoleon by her charms, but she married him as much to satisfy the ambition of the Montijos as for whatever admiration she may have borne him. She promised him her hand—when he should become Emperor, and by every wife and work known to woman she aided him in that coup d'état which placed him upon the throne of France. Without her, it is doubtful whether that end would ever have been achieved, and his confidence in her ability is shown in the fact that he has appointed her Regent, and allows her to preside at the Council of State in his absence. Such is Eugenie, the Empress of the French.

CAN SHE BE AN AMERICAN?—There has been a great excitement created at Baden Baden, following the appearance of a gay, dashing and handsome young stranger, who, without announcing a nationality, rushed into every circle with an abandon that to our mind bespeaks the American. He flirted magnificently, played recklessly, and with invariable good fortune, talked charmingly, rode fearlessly, and did all things else faultlessly. The world of Baden was delighted, and there is no knowing where the end would have been, but for an unfortunate fall from a horse, producing insensibility for a few moments, just long enough to betray that the gallant youth was a woman. A score of sighing ladies of every clime are sadly exercised, lest various sweet billets and miniatures may be put to unpleasant uses by the now missing admirer.

IN THE SPANISH STYLE.—Madrid has been the scene of a score or two of mysterious murders, all done within a few days. The cause of this fearful vendetta is unknown, but the police each morning find one or two new victims, generally young men, who have been marked as gallants, and who are intercepted on their return from some tryst or serenade, perhaps cut down by some self-appointed moral reformer.

ONE OF THE BIRDS.—A sportsman in the neighborhood of the wood of Clairmarais (Somme), shot an unusually large raven, a few days ago, having round one of its legs a small iron ring, on which were engraved words, "born at Coutrai, in 1772." This is a confirmation of the opinion of certain naturalists, that ravens live for a century and upwards.

#### HUMORS OF THE WAR.

At a war meeting last week, at Chicago, some one offered a cow to the first married volunteer. The first volunteer was a single man, who stepped forward amidst vociferous applause, some cheering the man and others cheering the cow. "Gentlemen," said he, "I belong to the class that can't be cowed."

THE South now produces no sugar, no molasses and no honey; and, as even the ladies are no longer sweet, saccharine matter seems to have disappeared from that section completely.

THE big wedge of "State Rights," which was used for riving the Union apart, seems likely now to rive the Southern Confederacy. Georgia is swinging the beetle.

AN oil with a bad odor—Train.

DURING the trial of the Whitworth gun at Shoeburyness, Lord Palmerston, whose organs of hearing are known to be sensitive almost to a morbid degree, was suddenly stricken with deafness from the concussion caused by the explosion of the thunderer. His lordship's aurist, who was in attendance, respectfully reproached his lordship for having neglected the very proper precaution of stuffing his ears with cotton previous to assisting at a gun-trial. To this his lordship, nipping with stern resolution the stem of the rosebud which he chews to give expression to his mouth, retorted: "What! stuff my ears with cotton when the mouths of half England are empty for want of it?" It is needless to say that his lordship heard no more on the subject from the doctor—indeed, he could not, as he has been quite deaf ever since.

WHEN Pope's officers, taken prisoners by Jackson, were examined in Richmond as to their politics, Gen. Prince, who had been a Breckinridge man, replied "A Democrat," but almost instantly added, "No, put me down as an Abolitionist."

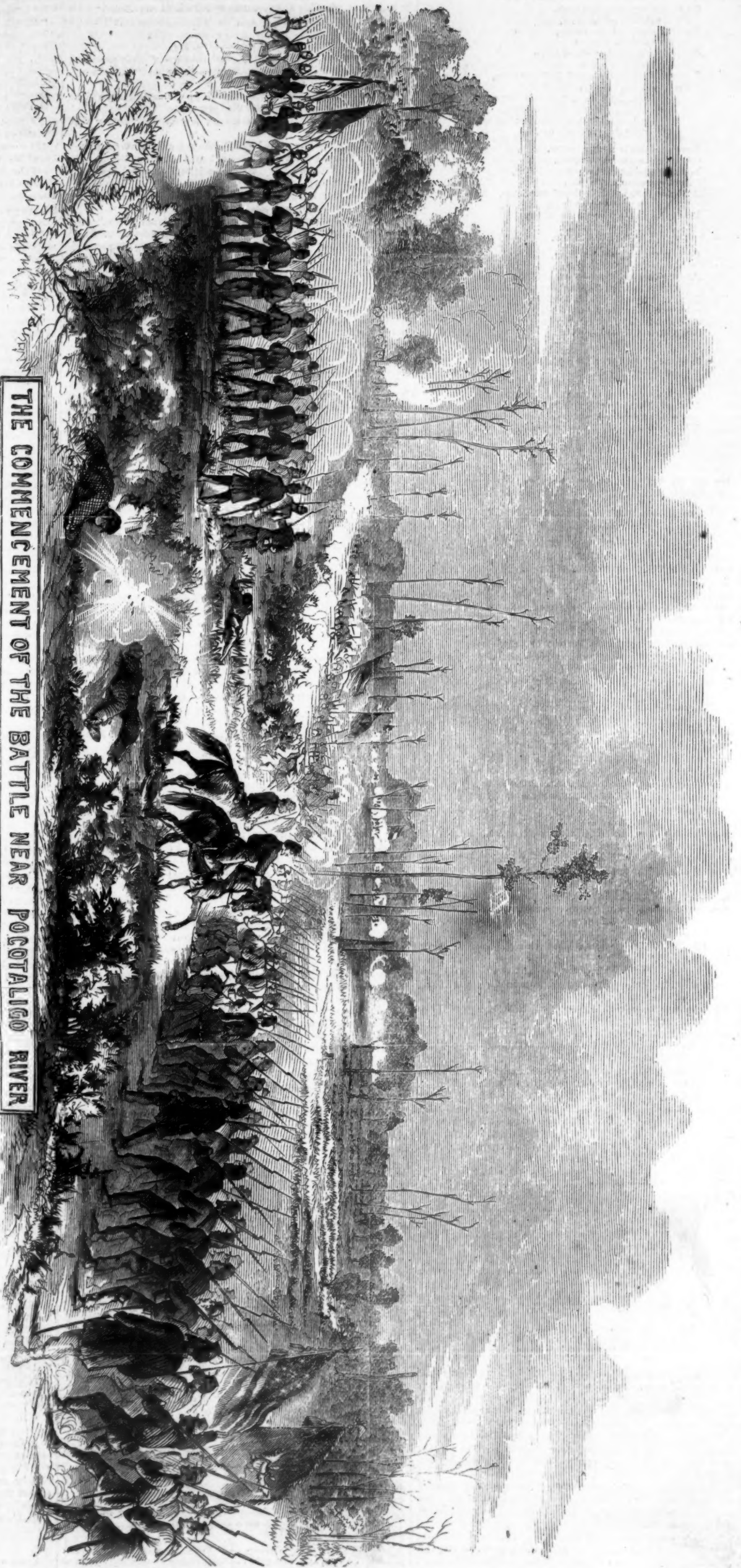
"OVER FORTY-FIVE."—The other day a rough-looking customer appeared before one of the Military Commissioners and said, "Mr. Commissioner, I am over forty-five."

"How old are you?"  
"I don't know how old I am, but I am over forty-five."  
"In what year did you make your first appearance in this mundane sphere?"  
"I don't know what you mean, but I am over forty-five."  
"When were you born?"  
"I don't know, but I am over forty-five."  
"How am I to know you are over age?"  
"I don't know, and I don't care, but I am over forty-five."  
"When were you forty-five?"  
"I don't know, but I know I am over forty-five."  
"You must give me some proof that you are over age."  
"I have been in this country thirty-three years; I am over forty-five."  
"That does not prove you are too old to be drafted."  
"I don't care; I know I am over forty-five."  
"I shall not erase your name until you prove your age."  
"I tell you I have been in this country thirty-three years, and I went a sparring before I came here; I am over forty-five."  
"Will you swear to it?"  
"Yes, I'm over forty-five; d—d if I ain't over forty-five."  
"Well, I will exempt you."  
"I don't care whether you do or not; I am a foreigner—besides, I have a wooden leg;" and he went stumping into the street, swearing oaths not called for by the Commissioner.

MARRIAGE.—In the earlier periods of Anglo-Saxon society there were very few restrictions on marriage, and it was contracted with very few ceremonies. It was the clergy who first interfered in this matter, and they gradually introduced so many impediments to marriage, that these became not only restraints on personal liberty, but they were often outrages on natural affection. They were, however, instruments of great power and of great oppression on the part of the Church. In the earlier period, the husband had an almost unlimited power of repudiating his wife; but legal restrictions were successively placed on this practice, until a man could only get rid of his wife by means of a legal divorce. Very slight causes, however, were allowed as legitimate excuses. A medieval prince put away his wife because she was growing fat! Previous to the seventh century, sufficient causes for divorce appear to have been the fact of a wife being barren, deformed, fetid, silly, passionate, luxurious, rude, an habitual drunkard or glutton, a gadabout, quarrelsome or abusive. Among other rights which the husband possessed over his wife during the whole Anglo-Saxon period was that of beating her. He was legally authorized to administer to her "moderate chastisement," though there is no evidence to show what amount of chastisement was then considered moderate. A Welsh law fixes as a proper allowance "three blows with a broomstick on any part of the person except the head;" and another fixes the size of the stick at the length of the husband's arm and the thickness of his middle finger.

COMMUNICATION by electric telegraph has taken place between London and Turnen, in Siberia, a distance of 4,699 miles. It is anticipated that an extension of the wires will be made to Nikolaevsk, on the Pacific, by the end of this year, and that telegraphic communication with New York, by way of Siberia and California, will be established by the end of next year.

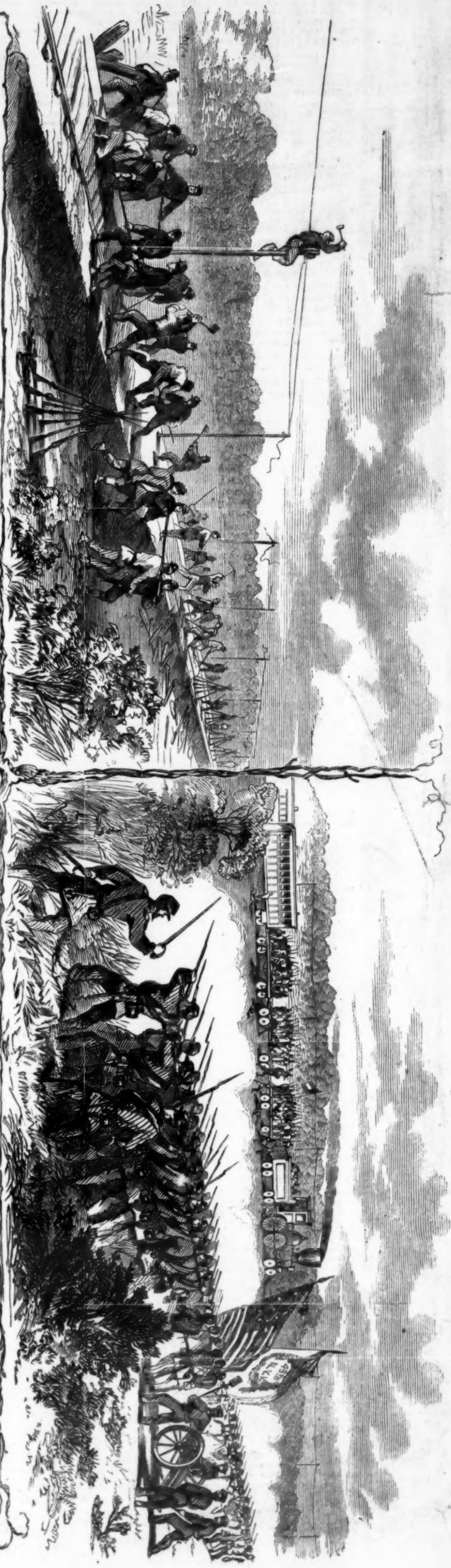




THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE BATTLE NEAR POCOTALIGO RIVER







DESTRUCTION OF RAILROAD TRACK BY FEDERAL TROOPS. ATTACK ON REBEL TRAIN, NOV. 4. VOL. 1. P. 117.



CAMPAIGN IN SOUTH CAROLINA—THE NATIONAL TROOPS, UNDER GENERALS BRANNAN AND TERRY, DRIVING THE REBELS UNDER REAUBEN, ACROSS THE POTOMAC BRIDGE, NEAR THE CHARLESTON AND SAVANNAH RAILROAD, OCT. 22—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. SEE PAGE 117.



## THE BANNER OF THE SEA.

Of all the flags that float aloft  
 O'er Neptune's gallant tars,  
 That wave on high, in victory,  
 Above the sons of Mars,  
 Give us the flag—Columbia's flag—  
 The emblem of the free,  
 Whose flashing stars blazed thro' our wars,  
 For Truth and Liberty.  
 Then dip it, lads, in ocean's brine,  
 And give it three times three,  
 And fling it out, mid song and shout,  
 The Banner of the sea.

Beneath its folds we fear no foe,  
 Our hearts shall never quail,  
 With bosoms bare the storm we'll dare,  
 And brave the battle gale;  
 And though the cannon plough our decks,  
 The planks with gore run red,  
 Still through the fray our flag always  
 Shall gleam far overhead.  
 Then dip it, lads, etc.

On every wave, to every shore,  
 Columbia's flag shall go,  
 And through all time its fame sublime  
 With brighter hues shall glow;  
 For Freedom's standard is our flag;  
 Its guardians, Freedom's sons,  
 And we betide th' insulter's pride,  
 When we unloose our guns.  
 Then dip it, lads, etc.

Its enemies our own shall be,  
 Upon the land or main;  
 Its starry light shall gild the fight,  
 And guide our iron rain.  
 Nor foreign powers nor treason's arts  
 Shall shake our patriot love,  
 While with our life, in peace or strife,  
 We'll keep that flag above.  
 Then dip it, lads, etc.

## VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

## CHAPTER XXII.—"IT'S APPLEPLEXY."

AND so the laws of right and justice had eventually triumphed, and Lionel Verner took possession of his own. Mrs. Verner took possession of her own—her chamber; all she was ever again likely to take possession of at Verner's Pride. She had no particular ailment, unless heaviness could be called an ailment, and steadily refused any suggestion of Jan's.

"You'll go off in a fit," said plain Jan to her.

"Then I must go," replied Mrs. Verner. "I can't submit to be made wretched with your medical and surgical remedies, Mr. Jan. Old people should be let alone, to doze away their days in peace."

"As good give some old people poison outright, as let them always doze," remonstrated Jan.

"You'd like me to live sparingly—to starve myself, in short—and you'd like me to take exercise!" returned Mrs. Verner. "Wouldn't you, now?"

"It would add ten years to your life," said Jan.

"I daresay! It's of no use your coming preaching to me, Mr. Jan. Go and try your eloquence upon others. I always have had enough to eat, and I hope I always shall. And as to my getting about, or walking, I can't! When folks come to be my size, it's cruel to want them to do it."

Mrs. Verner was nodding before she had well spoken the last words, and Jan said no more. You may have met with some such case in your own experience.

When the news of Lionel Verner's succession fell upon Roy, the bailiff, he could have gnashed his teeth in very vexation. Had he foreseen what was to happen he would have played his cards so differently. It had not entered into the headpiece of Roy to reflect that Frederick Massingbird might die. Scarcely, had it, that he could die. A man, young and strong, what was likely to take off him? John had died, it was true; but John's death had been a violent one. Had Roy argued the point at all—which he did not, for it had never occurred to his mind—he might have assumed that because John had died Fred was the more likely to live. It is a somewhat rare case for two brothers to be cut down in their youth and prime, one closely following upon the other.

Roy lived in a cottage standing by itself, a little beyond Clay Lane, but not so far off as the gamekeeper's.

On the morning when the bells had rung out—to the surprise and vexation of Lionel—Roy happened to be at home. Roy never grudged himself holiday when it could be devoted to the benefit of his wife. A negative benefit she may have thought it, since it invariably consisted in what Roy called "a blowing of her up."

Mrs. Roy had heard that the Australian mail was in. But the postman had not been to their door, therefore no letter could have arrived for them from Luke. A great many mails, as it appeared to Mrs. Roy, had come in with the like result. That Luke had been murdered, as his master John Massingbird had been before him, was the least she feared. Her fears and troubles touching Luke were great; they were never at rest; and her tears fell frequently. All of which excited the ire of Roy.

She sat in a rocking-chair in the kitchen—a chair which had been new when the absent Luke was a baby, and which was sure to be the seat chosen by Mrs. Roy since, when she was in a mood to indulge any passing tribulation. The kitchen opened to the road, as the kitchens of many of the dwellings did open to it; a parlor was on the right, which was used only on the grand occasion of receiving visitors; and the stairs, leading to two rooms above, ascended from the kitchen. Here she sat, silently wiping away her dropping tears with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief. Roy was not in the sweetest possible temper himself that morning, so of course he turned it upon her.

"There you be, a snivelling as usual! I'd have a bucket always at my feet, if I was you. It might save the trouble of catching rain-water."

"If the letter-man had got anything for us, he'd have been round here a hour ago," responded Mrs. Roy, bursting into unrestrained sobs.

Now, this happened to be the very grievance that was affecting the gentleman's temper—the postman's not having gone there. They had heard that the Australian mail was in. Not that he was actuated by any strong paternal feelings—such sentiments did not prey upon Mr. Roy. The hearing or the not hearing from his son would not thus have disturbed his equanimity. He took it for granted that Luke was alive somewhere—probably getting on—and was content to wait until himself or a letter should turn up. The one whom he had been expecting to hear from was his new master, Mr. Massingbird. He had fondly indulged the hope that credential letters would arrive for him, confirming him in his place of manager; he believed that this mail would inevitably bring them, as the last mails had not. Hence he had stayed at home to receive the postman. But the postman had not come, and it gave Roy a pain in his temper.

"They be a-coming back, that's what it is," was the conclusion he arrived at, when his disappointment had a little subsided. "Perhaps they might have come by this very ship! I wonder if it brings folks as well as letters?"

"I know he must be dead!" sobbed Mrs. Roy.

"He's dead as much as you be," retorted Roy. "He's a-making his fortune, and he'll come home after it—that's what Luke's a-doing. For all you know he may come, too."

The words appeared to startle Mrs. Roy; she looked up, and he saw that her face had gone white with terror.

"Why! what does all you?" cried he, in wonder. "Be you took crazy?"

"I don't want him to come home," she replied, in an awestruck whisper. "Roy, I don't want him to."

"You don't want to be anything but a idiot," returned Roy, with supreme contempt.

"But I'd like to hear from him," she wailed, swaying herself to and fro. "I'm always a-dreaming of it."

"You'll just dream a bit about getting the dinner ready," commanded Roy, morosely; "that's what you'll dream about now. I said I'd have billed pork and turnips, and nicely you be a getting on with it. Hark ye! I'm a-going now, but I shall be in at twelve, and if it ain't ready, mind your skin!"

He swung open the kitchen door just in time to hear the church bells burst out with a loud and joyous peal. It surprised Roy. In quiet Deerham, such sounds were not very frequent.

"What's up now?" cried Roy, savagely. Not that the abstract fact of the bells ringing was of any moment to him, but he was in a mood to be angry with everything. "Here, you!" continued he, seizing hold of a boy who was running by, "what be them bells a clattering out for?"

Thus brought to summarily, the boy had no resource but to stop. It was a young gentleman whom you have had the pleasure of meeting before—Master Dan Duff. So fast had he been flying, that a moment or two elapsed ere he could get breath to speak.

The delay did not tend to soothe his capturer; and he administered a slight shake. "Can't you speak, Dan Duff? Don't you see who it is that's a asking of you? What be them bells a working for?"

"Please, sir, it's for Mr. Lionel Verner."

The answer took Roy somewhat back. He knew—as everybody else knew—that Mr. Lionel Verner's departure from Deerham was fixed for that day; but to believe that the bells would ring out a peal of joy on that account was a staggerer even to Roy's ears. Dan Duff found himself treated to another shake, together with a sharp reprimand.

"So they be a ringing for him!" panted he. "There ain't no call to shake my inside out of me for saying so. Mr. Lionel have got Verner's Pride at last, and he ain't a going away at all, and the bells be a ringing for it. Mother have sent me to tell the gamekeeper. She said he'd sure to give me a genny, if I was the first to tell him."

Roy let go the boy. His arms and his mouth alike dropped. "Is that—that there codicil found?" gasped he.

Dan Duff shook his head. "I dun know nothink about codicals," said he. "Mr. Fred Massingbird's dead. He can't keep Mr. Lionel out of his own any longer, and the bells is a ringing for it."

Unrestrained now, he sped away. Roy was not altogether in a state to stop him. He had turned of a glowing heat, and was asking himself whether the news could be true. Mrs. Roy stepped forward, her tears arrested.

"Law, Roy, whatever shall you do?" spoke she, deprecatingly. "I said as you should have kept in with Mr. Lionel. You'll have to eat humble pie, for certain."

The humble pie would taste none the more palatable for his being reminded of it by his wife, and Roy drove her back with a shower of harsh words. He shut the door with a bang, and went out, a forlorn hope lighting him that the news might be false.

But the news, he found, was too true. Frederick Massingbird was really dead, and the true heir had come into his own.

Roy stood in much inward perturbation. The eating of humble pie—as Mrs. Roy had been kind enough to suggest—would not cost much to a man of his cringing nature; but he entertained a shrewd suspicion that no amount of humble pie would avail for him with Mr. Verner; that, in short, he should be discarded entirely.

While thus standing, the centre of a knot of gossipers, for the news had caused Deerham to collect in groups, the bells ceased as suddenly as they had begun, and Lionel Verner himself was observed coming from the direction of the church. Roy stood out from the rest, and, as a preliminary slice of the humble pie, took off his hat, and stood bareheaded while Lionel passed by.

It did not avail him. On the following day Roy found himself summoned to Verner's Pride. He went up, and was shown to the old business room—the study.

Ah! things were changed now; changed from what they had been; and Roy was feeling it to his heart's core. It was no longer the feeble invalid, Stephen Verner, who sat there; to whom all business was unwelcome, and who shunned as much of it as he could shun, leaving it to Roy; it was no longer the ignorant and easy Mrs. Verner, to whom (as she herself had once expressed it) Roy could represent white as black, and black as white; but he who reigned now was essentially master—master of himself, and of all who were dependent on him.

Roy felt it the moment he entered; felt it keenly. Lionel stood before a table covered with papers. He appeared to have risen from a chair and to be searching for something. He lifted his head when Roy appeared, quitted the table and stood looking at the man, his figure drawn to its full height. The exceeding nobility of the face and form struck even Roy.

But Lionel greeted him in a quiet, courteous tone; to meet anyone, the poorest person on his estate otherwise than courteously, was next to an impossibility for Lionel Verner. "Sit down, Roy," he said. "You are at no loss, I imagine, to guess what my business is with you."

Roy did not accept the offered seat. He stood in discomfiture, saying something to the effect that he'd change his mode of dealing with the men, would do all he could to give satisfaction to his master, Mr. Verner, if the latter would consent to continue him on.

"You must know yourself that I am not likely to do it," returned Lionel, briefly. "But I do not wish to be harsh, Roy—I trust I never shall be harsh with any one—and if you choose to accept of work on the estate, you can do so."

"You'll not continue me in my post over the brickyard, sir—over the men generally?"

"No," replied Lionel. "Perhaps the less we go into those past matters the better. I have no objection to speak of them, Roy; but, if I do, you will hear some home truths that may not be palatable. You can have work if you wish for it; and good pay."

"As one of the men, sir?" asked Roy, a shade of grumbling in his tone.

"As one of the superior men."

Roy hesitated. The blow had fallen; but it was only what he feared. "Might I ask as you'd give me a day to consider it over, sir?" he presently said.

"A dozen days if you choose. The work is always to be had; it will not run away. If you prefer to spend time deliberating upon the point, it is your affair, not mine."

"Thank ye, sir. Then I'll think it over. It'll be hard lines,

coming down to be a workman, where I've been, as may be said, a sort of master."

"Roy."

Roy turned back. He had been moving away. "Yes, sir!" "I shall expect you to pay rent for your cottage now, if you remain in it. Mr. Verner, I believe, threw it into your post; made it part of your perquisites. Mrs. Verner has, no doubt, done the same. But that is at an end. I can show no more favor to you than I do to others."

"I'll think it over sir," concluded Roy, his tone as sullen as as he dared let appear. And he departed.

Before a week had elapsed he came again to Verner's Pride and said he would accept the work and pay rent for the cottage; but he hoped Mr. Verner would name a fair rent.

"I should not name an unfair one, Roy," was the reply of Lionel. "You will pay the same that others pay, whose dwellings are the same size as yours. Mr. Verner's scale of rents was not high, as you know; I shall not alter it."

A short period elapsed. One night Jan Verner, upon getting into bed found he need not have taken the trouble, for the night was rang, and Jan had to get up again. He opened his side window and called out to know who was there. A boy came round from the gery-door into view, and Jan recognized him for the youngest son of his brother's gamekeeper, a youth of twelve. He said his mother was ill.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Jan.

"Please, sir, she's took bad in the stomach. She's a groaning awful. Father thinks she'll die."

Jan dressed himself and started off, carrying with him a dose of tincture of opium. When he arrived, however, he found the woman so violently sick and ill, that he suspected it did not arise from natural causes. "What had she been eating?" inquired Jan.

"Some late mushrooms out of the fields."

"Ah, that's just it," said Jan. And he knew the woman had been poisoned. He took a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote a rapid note on it, and ordered the boy to carry it to the house and give it to his mother.

"Now, look you, Jack," said he. "If you want your mother to get well, you'll go there and back as fast as ever your legs can carry you. I can do little till you bring me what I have sent for. Go to the willow-pond and straight across to my house."

The boy looked aghast at the injunction. "Past the willow-pond?" echoed he. "I'd not go past there, sir, at night, for all the world."

"Why not?" questioned Jan.

"I'd see Rachel Frost's ghost, may be," returned Jack, his round eyes open with perplexity.

The conceit of seeing a ghost amused Jan beyond everything. He sat down on a high press that was in the kitchen, and grinned at the boy. "What would the ghost do to you?" cried he.

Jack Broom could not say. All he knew was, that neither he nor a good many more had gone near that pond at night since the report had arisen (which, of course it did, simultaneously with the death) that Rachel's ghost was to be seen there.

"Wouldn't you go to save your mother?" cried Jan.

"I'd—I'd not go to be made winner of the leg of mutton atop of the greased pole," responded the boy, in mortal fright, lest Jan should send him.

"You are a nice son, Mr. Jack! A brave young man, truly!"

"Jim Hook, he was agoing by the pond one night, and he seed a ghost," cried the boy earnestly. "It don't take two minutes longer to get down Clay Lane, please, sir."

"Be off, then," said Jan, "and see how quick you can be. What has put such a thing in his head?" he presently asked of the gamekeeper, who was hard at work, preparing hot water.

"Little fools!" ejaculated the man. "I think the report first arose, sir, through Robin Frost's going to the pond on a moonlight night, and walking about on its brink."

"Robin Frost did!" cried Jan. "What did he do that for?"

"What, indeed, sir! It did no good, as I told him, more than once, when I came upon him there. He has not been lately, I think. Folks got up a talk that Robin went there to meet his sister's spirit, and it put the youngsters into a fright."

Back came Mr. Jack in an incredibly short time. He could not have come much quicker, had he dashed right through the pond. Jan set himself to his work, and did not leave the woman till she was better. That was the best of Jan Verner. He paid every atom of much attention to the poor as he did to the rich. Jan never considered who or what his patients were, when he was attending on them; all his object was, to get them well.

His nearest way home lay past the pool, and he took it; he did not fear poor Rachel's ghost. It was a sharpish night, bright, so what of a frost. As Jan neared the pool, he turned his head towards it and half stopped, gazing on its still waters. He had been a day when the catastrophe happened; but the circumstances had been detailed to him. "How it would startle Jack and a few of those timid ones," said he, aloud, "if some night—"

"Is that you, sir?"

Some persons, with nerves less serene than Jan's, might have started at the sudden interruption, there and then. Not so Jan. He turned round with composure, and saw Bennet, the footman from Verner's Pride. The man had come up hastily from behind the hedge.

"I have been to your house, sir, and they told me you were at the gamekeeper's, so I was hastening there. My mistress is taken ill, sir."

"Is it a fit?" cried Jan, remembering his fears and prognostications with regard to Mrs. Verner.

"It's worse than that, sir—it's appleplexy. Leastways, sir, my master and Mrs. Tynn's afraid that it is. She looks like dead, sir, and there's froth on her mouth."

Jan waited for no more. He turned short round, and flew by the nearest path to Verner's Pride.

The evil had come. Appleplexy it indeed was, and all Jan's efforts to remedy it were of no avail.

"It was by the merest chance that I found it out, sir," Mrs. Tynn said to him. "I happened to wake up, sir, and I thought how quiet my mistress was lying; mostly she might be heard ever so far off when she was asleep. I got up, sir, and took the rushlight out of the shade, and looked at her. And then I saw what had happened, and went and called Mr. Lionel."

"Can you restore her, Jan?" whispered Lionel.

Jan made no reply. He had his own private opinion; but, whatever that may have been, he set himself to the task in right earnest.

She never rallied. She lived only till the dawn of the morning. Scarcely had the clock told eight, when the death-bell went booming over the village—the bell of that very church which had recently been so merry for the succession of Lionel. And when people came running from far and near to inquire for whom the passing bell was ringing out, they hushed their voices and their footsteps when they learned that it was for Mrs. Verner.

Verily, within the last year, Death had made himself at home at Verner's Pride!

## CHAPTER XXIII.—JAN'S REMEDY FOR A COLD.

A COLD bright day in mid-winter. Luncheon was just over at Deerham Court, and Lady Verner, Decima and Lucy Tresselt had gathered round the fire in the dining-room. Lucy had a cold. She



laughed at it; said she was used to colds; but Lady Verner had insisted upon her wrapping herself in a shawl and not stirring out of the dining-room for the day—which was the warmest room in the house. So there reclined Lucy in state, in an armchair with cushions; half laughing at being made into an invalid, half rebelling at it.

Lady Verner sat opposite to her. She wore a rich black silk dress—the mourning for Mrs. Verner—and a white lace cap of the finest guipure. The white gloves on her hands were without a wrinkle, and her curiously fine handkerchief lay on her lap. Lady Verner could indulge her taste for snowy gloves and for delicate handkerchiefs now, untroubled by the thought of the money they cost. The addition to her income, which she had spurned from Stephen Verner, she accepted largely from Lionel. Lionel was liberal as a man and as a son. He would have given the half of his fortune to his mother and not said "It is a gift."

Deerham Court had its carriage and horses now, and Deerham Court had its additional servants. Lady Verner visited and received company, and the look of care had gone from her face and the querulousness from her tone.

But it was in Lady Verner's nature to make a trouble of things; and if she could not do it in a large way, she must do it in a small. To-day occurred this cold of Lucy's, and that afforded scope for Lady Verner. She sent for Jan as soon as breakfast was over, in defiance of the laughing protestations of Lucy. But Jan had not made his appearance yet, and Lady Verner waxed wrath.

He was coming in now—now, as the servants were carrying out the luncheon-tray, entering by his usual mode—the backdoor—and nearly knocking over the servant and tray in his haste, as his long legs strode to the dining-room. Lady Verner had left off reproaching Jan with using the servant's entrance, finding it waste of breath; Jan would have come down the chimney with the sweeps, had it saved him a minute's time. "Who's ill?" asked he.

Lady Verner answered the question by a sharp reprimand, touching Jan's tardiness.

"I can't be in two places at once," good-humoredly replied Jan. "I have been with one patient since four o'clock this morning, until five minutes ago. Who is it that's ill?"

Lucy explained her ailments, giving Jan her own view of them; that there was nothing the matter with her but a bit of a cold.

"Law!" contemptuously returned Jan. "If I didn't think somebody must be dying! Cheese said they'd been after me about six times!"

"If you don't like to attend Miss Tempest you can let it alone," said Lady Verner. "I can send elsewhere."

"I'll attend anybody that I'm wanted to attend," said Jan.

"Where d'ye feel the symptoms of the cold?" asked he of Lucy.

"In the head or chest?"

"I am beginning to feel them a little here," replied Lucy, touching her chest.

"Only beginning to feel them, Miss Lucy?"

"Only beginning, Jan."

"Well, then, you just ring out a long strip of rag in cold water, and put it round your neck, letting the ends rest on the chest," said Jan. "A double piece, from two to three inches broad. It must be covered outside with thin waterproof skin to keep the wet in; you know what I mean; Decima's got some; oilskin's too thick. And get a lot of toast and water, or lemonade; any liquid you like; and sip a drop of it every minute, letting it go down your throat slowly. You'll soon get rid of your sore chest if you do this; and you'll have no cough."

Lady Verner listened to these directions of Jan's in unqualified amazement. She had been accustomed to the very professional remedies of Dr. West. Decima laughed. "Jan, said she, 'I would fancy an old woman prescribing this, but not a doctor.'"

"It'll cure," returned Jan. "It will prevent the cough coming on; and prevention's better than cure. You try it at once, Miss Lucy; and you'll soon see. You will know then what to do if you catch cold in future."

"Jan," interposed Lady Verner, "I consider the very mention of such remedies beneath the dignity of a medical man."

Jan opened his eyes. "But if they are the best remedies, mother?"

"At any rate, Jan, if this is your fashion of prescribing, you will not fill your pockets," said Decima.

"I don't want to fill my pockets by robbing people," returned plain Jan. "If I know a remedy that costs nothing, why shouldn't I let my patients have the benefit of it, instead of charging them for drugs that won't do half the good?"

"Jan," said Lucy, "if it cost gold I should try it. I have great faith in what you say."

"All right," replied Jan. "But it must be done at once, mind. If you let the cold get ahead first, it will not be so efficacious. And now good-day to you all, for I must be off to my patients. Good-bye, mother."

Away went Jan. And, amidst much laughter from Lucy, the wet "rag," Jan's elegant phrase for it, was put round her neck and covered up. Lionel came in, and they amused him by reciting Jan's prescription.

"It is this house which has given her the cold," grumbled Lady Verner, who invariably laid faults and misfortunes upon something or somebody. "The servants are for ever opening that side door, and then there come a current of air throughout the passages. Lionel, I am not sure but I shall leave Deerham Court."

Lionel leaned against thy mantelpiece, a smile upon his face. He had completely recovered his good looks, scared away though they had been for a time by his illness. He was in deep mourning for Mrs. Verner. Decima looked up, surprised at Lady Verner's last sentence.

"Leave Deerham Court, mamma! When you are so much attached to it!"

"I don't dislike it," acknowledged Lady Verner. "But it suited me better when we were living quietly than it does now. If I could find a larger house with the same conveniences, and in an agreeable situation, I might leave this."

Decima did not reply. She felt sure that her mother was attached to the house and would never quit it. Her eyes said as much as they encountered Lionel's.

"I wish my mother would leave Deerham Court!" he said aloud. Lady Verner turned to him. "Why should you wish it, Lionel?"

"I wish you would leave it to come to me, mother. Verner's Pride wants a mistress."

"It will not find one in me," said Lady Verner. "Were you an old man, Lionel, I might then come. Not as it is."

"What difference can my age make?" asked he.

"Every difference," said Lady Verner. "Were you an old man you might not be thinking of getting married; as it is, you will be. Your wife will reign at Verner's Pride, Lionel."

Lionel made no answer.

"You will be marrying sometime, I suppose?" reiterated Lady Verner, with emphasis.

"I suppose I shall be," replied Lionel; and his eyes, as he spoke, involuntarily strayed to Lucy. She caught the look, and blushed vividly.

How much of that do you intend to drink, Miss Lucy?" asked Lionel, as she sipped the tumbler of lemonade, at her elbow.

"Ever so many tumblers of it," she answered. "Jan said I was to keep sipping it all day long. The water, going down slowly, heals the chest."

"I believe if Jan told you to drink boiling water you'd do it, Lucy," cried Lady Verner. "You seem to fall in with all he says."

"Because I like him, Lady Verner. Because I have faith in him; and if Jan prescribes a thing, I know that he has faith in it."

"It is not displaying a refined taste to like Jan," observed Lady Verner, intending the words as a covert reprimand to Lucy.

But Lucy stood up for Jan. Even at the dread of openly disagreeing with Lady Verner, Lucy would not be unjust to one whom she deemed of sterling worth.

"I like Jan very much," said she, resolutely, in her champion-ship. "There's nobody I like so much as Jan, Lady Verner."

Lady Verner made a slight movement with her shoulders. It was almost as much as to say that Lucy was growing hopelessly incorrigible, like Jan. Lionel turned to Lucy.

"Nobody you like so well as Jan, did you say?"

Poor Lucy! If the look of Lionel, just before, had brought the hot blush to her cheek, that blush was nothing compared to the glowing crimson which mantled there now. She had not been thinking of one sort of liking when she so spoke of Jan; the words had come forth in the honest simplicity of her heart.

Did Lionel read the signs aright, as her eyes fell before his? Very probably. A smile stole over his lips.

"I do like Jan very much," stammered Lucy, essaying to mend the matter. "I may like him, I suppose? There's no harm in it."

"Oh! no harm, certainly," spoke Lady Verner, with a spice of irony. "I never thought Jan could be a favorite before. Not being fastidiously polished yourself, Lucy—forgive my saying it—you entertain, I conclude, a fellow-feeling for Jan."

Lucy—for Jan's sake—would not be beaten.

"Don't you think it is better to be like Jan, Lady Verner, than—than—like Dr. West, for instance?"

"In what way?" returned Lady Verner.

"Jan is so true," debated Lucy, ignoring the question.

"And Dr. West was not, I suppose," retorted Lady Verner.

"He wrote false prescriptions, perhaps? Gave false advice?"

Lucy looked a little foolish.

"I will tell you the difference, as it seems to me, between Jan and other people," she said. "Jan is like a rough diamond—real within, unpolished without—but a genuine diamond withal. Many others are but the imitation stone—glittering outside, false within."

Lionel was amused.

"Am I one of the false ones, Miss Lucy?"

She took the question literally.

"No; you are true," she answered, shaking her head and speaking with grave earnestness.

"Lucy, my dear, I would not espouse Jan's cause so warmly, were I you," advised Lady Verner. "It might be misconstrued."

"How so?" simply asked Lucy.

"It might be thought that you—pray excuse the common vulgarity of the suggestion—were in love with Jan."

"In love with Jan!" Lucy paused for a moment after the words, and then burst into a merry fit of laughter. "Oh! Lady Verner! I cannot fancy anybody falling in love with Jan. I don't think he would know what to do."

"I don't think he would," quietly replied Lady Verner.

A peal at the courtyard bell and the letting down the steps of a carriage. Visitors for Lady Verner. They were shown to the drawing-room, and the servant came in.

"The Countess of Elmsley and Lady Mary, my lady."

Lady Verner arose with alacrity. They were favorite friends of hers—nearly the only close friends she had made in her retirement.

"Lucy, you must not venture into the drawing-room," she stayed to say. "The room is colder than this. Come."

The last "come" was addressed conjointly to her son and daughter. Decima responded to it, and followed; Lionel remained where he was.

"The cold room would not hurt me, but I am glad not to go," began Lucy, subsiding into a more easy tone, a more social manner, than she ventured on in the presence of Lady Verner. "I think morning visiting the greatest waste of time! I wonder who invented it?"

"Somebody who wanted to kill time," answered Lionel.

"It is not like friends, who really care for each other, meeting and talking. The calls are made just for form's sake, and for nothing else. I will never fall into it when I am my own mistress."

"When is that to be?" asked Lionel, smiling.

"Oh! I don't know," she answered, looking up at him in all confiding simplicity. "When papa comes home, I suppose."

Lionel crossed over to where she was sitting.

"Lucy, I thank you for your partisanship of Jan," he said, in a low, earnest tone. "I do not believe anybody living knows his worth."

"Yes, for I do," she replied, her eyes sparkling.

"Only don't you get to like him too much—as Lady Verner hinted," continued Lionel, his eyes dancing with merriment at his own words.

Lucy's eyelashes fell on her hot cheek.

"Please not to be so foolish," she answered, in a pleading tone.

"Or a certain place—that has been mentioned this morning—might have to go without a mistress for good," he whispered.

What made him say it? It is true he spoke in a light, joking tone; but the words were not justifiable, unless he meant to follow them up seriously in future. He did mean to do so when he spoke them.

Decima came in, sent by Lady Verner to demand Lionel's attendance.

"I am coming directly," replied Lionel.

And Decima went back again.

"You ought to take Jan to live at Verner's Pride," said Lucy to him, the words unconsciously proving that she had understood Lionel's allusion to it. "If he were my brother I would not let him be always slaving himself at his profession."

"If he were your brother, Lucy, you would find that Jan would slave just as he does now in spite of you. Were Jan to come into Verner's Pride to-morrow, through my death, I really believe he would let it, and live on where he does, and doctor the parish to the end of time."

"Will Verner's Pride go to Jan after you?"

"That depends. It would were I to die as I am now, a single man. But I may have a wife and children some time, Lucy."

"So you may," said Lucy, filling up her tumbler from the jug of lemonade. "Please to go into the drawing-room now, or Lady Verner will be angry. Mary Elmsley's there, you know."

She gave him a saucy glance from her soft bright eyes. Lionel laughed.

"Who made you so wise about Mary Elmsley, young lady?"

"Lady Verner," was the answer, her voice subsiding into a confidential tone. "She tells us all about it, me and Decima, when we are sitting by the fire of an evening. She is to be the mistress of Verner's Pride."

"Oh, indeed!" said Lionel. "She is, is she? Lucy."

"Well?"

"If that mistress-ship—is there such a word?—ever comes to pass, I shall not be the master of it."

Lucy looked pleased.

"That is just what Decima says. She says it to Lady Verner. I wish you would go to them."

"So I will. Good-bye. I shall not come in again, I have a hundred and one things to do this afternoon."

He took her hand and held it. She, ever courteous of manner, simple though she was, rose and stood before him to say her adieu, her eyes raised to his, her pretty face upturned.

Lionel gazed down upon it. And, as he had forgotten himself once before, so he now forgot himself again. He clasped it to him with a sudden movement of affection, and left on it some fervent kisses, whispering tenderly,

"Take care of yourself, my darling Lucy."

Leaving her to make the best of the business, Mr. Lionel proceeded to the drawing-room. A few minutes' stay in it, and then he pleaded an engagement, and departed.

Things were changed now out of doors. There was no dissatisfaction, no complaining. Roy was deposed from his petty authority, and all men were at peace. With the exception, possibly, of Mr. Peckaby. Mr. Peckaby did not find his shop flourishing. Indeed, far from flourishing, so completely was it deserted, that he was fain to give up the trade, and accept work at Chuff the blacksmith's forge to which employment, it appeared, he had been brought up. A few stale articles remained in the shop, and the counters remained, chiefly for show. Mrs. Peckaby made a pretence of attending to customers, but she did not get two in a week. And if those two entered they could not be served, for she was pretty sure to be out, gossiping.

This state of things did not please Mrs. Peckaby. In one point of view the failing of the trade pleased her, because it left her less work to do; but she did not like the failing of their income. Whether the shop had been actually theirs, or whether it had been Roy's, there was no doubt that they had drawn sufficient from it to live comfortably and to find Mrs. Peckaby in smart caps. This source was gone, and all they had now was an ignominious fourteen shillings a week, which Peckaby earned. The prevalent opinion in Clay Lane was that this was quite as much as Peckaby deserved, and that it was a special piece of undeserved good fortune which had taken off the blacksmith's brother and assistant in the nick of time, Joe Chuff, to make room for him. Mrs. Peckaby, however, was in a state of semi-rebellion; the worse, that she did not know upon whom to visit it, or see any remedy. She took to passing her time in groaning and tears, somewhat after the fashion of Dinah Roy, venting her complaints upon anybody that would listen to her.

Lionel had not said to the men, "You shall leave Peckaby's shop." He had not even hinted to them that it might be desirable to leave it. In short, he had not interfered. But the restraint of Roy being removed from the men, they quitted it of their own accord. "No more Roy; no more Peckaby; no more grinding down—hurrah!" shouted they, and went back to the old shops in the village.

All sorts of improvements had Lionel begun; that is, he had planned them; begun yet they were not. Building better tenements for the laborers, repairing and draining the old ones, adding what might be wanted to make the dwellings healthy—draining, ditching, hedging. "It shall not be said that while I live in a palace, my poor live in pigsties," said Lionel to Mr. Bitterworth, one day. "I'll do what I can to drive that periodical plague from the place."

"Have you counted the cost?" was Mr. Bitterworth's rejoinder.

"No," said Lionel. "I don't intend to count it. Whatever the changes may cost I shall carry them out."

And Lionel, like other new schemers, was red-hot upon them. He drew out plans in his head and with his pencil; he consulted architects, he spent half his days with builders. Lionel was astonished at the mean, petty acts of past tyranny which came to light, exercised by Roy; far more than he had had any idea of. He blushed for himself and for his uncle that such a state of things had been allowed to go on; he wondered that it could have gone on; that he had been blind to so much of it, or that the men had not exercised Lynch law upon Roy.

Roy had taken his place in the brickyard as workman; but Lionel, in the anger of the moment, when these things came out, felt inclined to spurn him from the land. He would have done it but for his promise to the man himself, and for the pale sad face of Mrs. Roy. In the hour when his anger was at its height the woman came up to Verner's Pride, stealthily, as it seemed, and craved him to write to Australia, "now he was a grand gentleman," and ask the "folks over there" if they could send back news of her son. "It's going on of a twelvemonth since he wrote to us, sir, and we don't know where to write to him, and I'm a most fretted into my grave."

"My opinion is that he is coming home," said Lionel.

"Heaven sink the ship first!" she involuntarily muttered, and then she burst into a violent flood of tears.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Lionel. "Don't you want him to come home?"

"No, sir. No."

"But why? Are you fearing?"—he jumped to the most probable solution of her words that he could suggest—"are you fearing that he and Roy could not agree? that there would be unpleasant scenes between them, as there used to be?"

The woman had her face buried in her hands, and she never lifted it as she answered, in a stifled voice, "It's what I'm a fearing, sir."

Lionel could not quite understand her. He thought her more weak and silly than usual.

"But he is not coming home," she resumed. "No, sir, I don't believe that England will ever see him again; and it's best as it is, for there's nothing but care and sorrow here, in the old country. But I'd like to know what's become of him; whether he is alive or dead, whether he is starving or in comfort. 'Oh, sir!' she added, with a burst of wailing anguish, 'write for me, and ask news of him! They'd answer you. My heart is aching for it.'"

He did not explain to her then how very uncertain was the fate of emigrants to that country; how next to impossible it might be to obtain intelligence of an obscure young man like Luke: he contented himself with giving her what he thought would be better comfort.

"Mrs. Frederick Massingbird will be returning in the course of a few months, and I think she may bring news of him. Should she not, I will see what inquiries can be made."

"Will she be coming soon, sir?"

"In two or three months, I should suppose. The Miss Wests may be able to tell you more definitely, if they have heard from her."

"Thank ye, sir; then I'll wait till she's home. You'll not tell Roy that I have been up here, sir?"

"Not I," said Lionel. "I was debating, when you came in, whether I should not turn Roy off the estate altogether. His past conduct to the men has been disgraceful."

"Ay, it have, sir! But it was my fate to marry him, and I have had to look on in quiet, and see things done, not daring to say as my soul's my own. It's not my fault, sir."

Lionel knew that it was not. He pitied her, rather than blamed.

"Will you go into the servants' hall and eat something after your walk?" he asked kindly.

"No, sir, many thanks. I don't want to see the servants. They might get telling that I have been here."

She stole out from his presence, her pale sad face, her evidently deep sorrow, whatever might be its source, making a vivid impression upon Lionel. But for that sad face he might have dealt more harshly with her husband. And so Roy was tolerated still.

(To be continued.)



## THE DRAFT—WHO ESCAPED, AND WHO DIDN'T.

DUTY and Inclination are vastly different; there seems to be a natural tendency in many minds—indeed, we might say, in most—to kick at what we are told or taught to do. This peculiarity exists in even the intellectual, for Southey, an excellent judge of human nature, declared of Coleridge, that "no sooner did he ascertain anything to be his duty than it became impossible to him."

This has lately had a very striking exemplification on a large scale in the matter of the Draft. All of a sudden, editors who have been writing the most ferocious articles against those who have hesitated to rush to the field, now find out that they themselves are exempt. One has no courage, another has weak knees, a third has no front teeth, a fourth thinks he can do more good to the cause with his pen; some have short sight, others hard of hearing. Jones has a very bad heart-disease, which is the first intimation that he ever possessed that fabulous bit of machinery. Smith has suddenly grown four years in a day, and is just turned 45—as though 45 were not the prime of life, and just the time when a man ought to die, having lived his best days. But whom the gods love die young, and so Mars chooses for his votaries and victims the very flower of our race.

Without entering upon the abstract question of policy, we illustrate some of the scenes our



POLICE STATION, 49 BECKMAN STREET, NEW YORK—THE COMMISSIONER'S AND DOCTOR'S EXAMINING ROOM.

Deaf Man—"Speak louder, if you please—I am a little hard of hearing."

Ex.—"What's your name?"

Deaf Man—"No. 1172 Bowery."

Ex.—"I don't want to know where you live, but what's your name?"

Deaf Man—"I was 38 last birthday."

Ex. (loud as thunder)—"Your name!"

Deaf Man—"I had a grandfather in the war of 1812!"

Ex.—"Is it possible any living being can be so deaf? You may go, sir—you're exempt!"

Deaf Man—"Thank ye, sir."

Ex.—"Halloa! you can hear well enough!"

Deaf Man finds his dodge wasn't triumphant!

Another steps up, who has had a terrible heart disease—can't look at a young lady without violent palpitation! Blood to head also fearfully—blushes when he meets a pretty girl. Can't run up stairs! can't walk half a mile without panting and blowing like a grampus. Courteous but incredulous physician puts his ear to the part where the heart is popularly supposed to reside, listens—asks some questions—again listens. Poor diseased heart! It is no go. The heart is not a bad heart for our corrupt times—at all events good enough for a "double-quick!"

The shortsighted man is occasionally equally unfortunate—although he has been known to



SWEARING THE CANDIDATES FOR EXEMPTION.



DIDN'T PASS, OR AN INVOLUNTARY VOLUNTEER.



EXEMPT ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

Artist witnessed at one of the stations where the unheroic get certificates of their non-potentiality to fight. Old Falstaff's solemn moralizing on the inability of honor to set a limb, and his deliberate conviction that discretion is the better part of valor, were here made manifest in every possible shape, and we give a few of them.

Let us now take a look at the candidates for this inglorious exemption. We shall say nothing about men who have lived here since their boyhood, married here, reared a family here, prospered here—peddled their wares here, and ran for good fat offices here, but who fly to the sacred crinoline of Queen Victoria when they are called upon to fulfil some of the unpleasant responsibilities of their assumed citizenship. We shall let them go in peace. We confine our attention to our native-born and undeniable citizens. Here come some specimens of this numerous brood. The first intends to claim exemption on the score of ears—not on account of their extra length, but their extraordinary shortness; in point of fact, he is deaf. A conversation ensues something like this:

Examiner—"What's your name?"



NONE SO DEAF AS THOSE WHO WON'T HEAR.

see a pretty woman, or a delicate ankle, half a mile off, he protests he has lately become so suddenly and seriously shortsighted that he cannot see the nose on his face, and that in battle he would be morally certain to shoot his own Colonel! instead of a rebel! He undergoes the test—he is caught! Uncle Sam gains another unwilling hero. Some, however, are genuine cases, who really have bad hearts, worse wind and short sight.

In some cases the fortunate possessors (as an Irishman would say) of no teeth have to acknowledge the corn, and display their false ivory. It is really funny to see men whose dentals have hitherto been admired for regularity and whiteness, putting their fingers into their mouths, and bringing out a full and complete cargo of ivory.

We have no space to dwell longer on the display of unheroism we saw at the police station No. 49 Beekman street, but refer our readers to the admirable and lifelike sketches of our Artist

THERE is a man in Virginia who is so aristocratic that he has cut his own acquaintance.



DREADFUL CASE OF HEART DISEASE—DOCTOR DON'T SEE IT!



A SHORT SIGHTED MORTAL.



ARTIFICIAL CASE OF EXEMPTION—CAN BITE A GOOSE BUT NOT A CARTRIDGE.



## THE NEW COMEDY AT

Laura Keane's Theatre.

THE new comedy at Laura Keane's theatre, "No Rest for the Wicked," has been fully noticed in our dramatic column, and its real points of attraction, fully discussed. Its success does not depend upon its literary merits, but upon its laughable and perplexing situations, and the spirited manner in which it is rendered. Our illustration represents one of those laughable situations, and will be recognised by all who have seen the piece. The moment chosen for the sketch is where M. Genet (Blake), having married a simple country girl, (Miss Leigh), hoping to spend a quiet life, is trepanned into a journey to Paris by the scheming mother-in-law, (Mrs. Robertson). The inimitable Peters forms one of the group, and the drollery of the situation must be seen to be appreciated. "No Rest for the Wicked" is greeted with shouts of laughter by crowded audiences every night, and will undoubtedly have a long run.

## BRIG.-GEN. QUINCY ADAMS GILLMORE.

THIS excellent soldier was born in the township of Black River, Loraine County, Ohio, where his parents still reside. He was educated in Elyria, Ohio, and upon leaving school commenced the study of medicine. In 1845 an opportunity offering of entering West Point, he availed himself of it, and in 1849 was brevetted 2d Lieutenant. In 1856 he was promoted to a 1st Lieutenantcy, and on August 6th, 1861, he received the appointment of Captain. While a Lieutenant, Gen. Gillmore served three years (1849 to 1852) on the fortifications in Hampton Roads, Va.; four years (1852 to 1856) in the department of practical military engineering at West Point, during the last year of which he was also Quartermaster and Treasurer of the Military Academy; and five years (1856 to 1861) in New York city, purchasing and forwarding materials for fortifications. His undoubted loyalty and great ability having recommended him to the President, he was made a Brigadier-General, April 28, 1862—an appointment immediately confirmed by the Senate. His popularity in the West had induced a wish that he should be located among them, but his ability as an engineer compelled the President to appoint him as Chief Engineer in the expedition to South Carolina. This was a great disappointment to Gov. Deniston, of Ohio, who had counted upon his co-operation in the West.

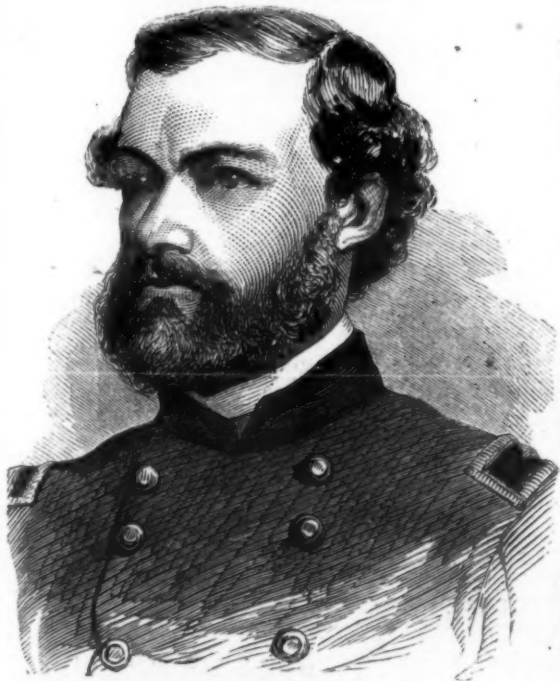
We have so completely described the excellent arrangements made by Gen. Gillmore in the siege of Pulaski, and which, on a small scale, may have been considered as a far greater achievement than that of Sebastopol, that we have merely once more to record that eminent triumph, and to refer our readers to our description and illustration in No. 341, where they will find an elaborate account of the bombardment. The 11th of April, 1862, will be always a proud day in American history, and a still prouder one for Gen. Gillmore.

Gen. Gillmore was recently assigned to duty in the Department of the Ohio, and was placed in command of the advance into Kentucky, after Gen. E. Kirby Smith's forces retreated from before Cincinnati. He was temporarily recalled from this duty and placed in command of the Department of Western Virginia, in order to reorganize the Union forces that had been forced to retire down the Kanawha Valley before Gen. Loring. On the assignment of Maj.-Gen. Cox to the command of Western Virginia he was recalled to Kentucky, and now commands a division of the army of Kentucky.

His staff is composed of the following officers: Capt. William L. M. Burger, Asst. Adj.-Gen.; Capt. Thomas Benton Brooks, Chief Engineer; Capt. Molyneux Bell, Chief Commissary; Capt. Leander C. Noble, Chief Quartermaster; Lieut. Henry M. Bragg, A. D. C.; Lieut. Henry W. Hubbell, Jr., A. D. C.

## MAJ.-GEN. ISRAEL B. RICHARDSON.

GEN. RICHARDSON was born in Vermont, where he received his early education. His father having considerable influence, young Israel was sent to West Point in 1836, and was brevetted 2d Lieutenant of the 3d Infantry on the 1st of July, 1841; in September, 1846, he was made 1st Lieutenant, and commanded his com-



BRIG.-GEN. QUINCY ADAMS GILLMORE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



SCENE IN LAURA KEANE'S THEATRE, IN THE PIECE "NO REST FOR THE WICKED."

M. Genet hurried off to Paris by his unsophisticated wife and respectable mother-in-law, who has vivid reminiscences of the modern Babylon.

pany in the battle of Cerro Gordo, where he exhibited great courage and coolness. For this, and for his gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco, he was brevetted Captain, and for leading the storming party at Chapultepec he was brevetted Major. Upon his return to



REBEL GRAVES ON THE BATTLEFIELD NEAR ANTIETAM, MARYLAND.

the United States he went to Michigan. The breaking out of the rebellion recalled him to arms, and he was appointed on the 17th of May 1861, by President Lincoln, Brig.-Gen. of volunteers. In September, 1862, he was promoted to Maj.-Gen. of volunteers. His division has been engaged in all the battles of the Peninsula, and received the highest encomiums for its valor and discipline. Gen. Richardson commanded a division under Gen. Sumner. He died on the 2d of November, of wounds received at Antietam.

## LIMBURGER CHEESE; OR, How to Pay the Rent.

MEN get to be sharp at the Washoe mines. A graduate from there has lately been operating in San Francisco, in what way and with what success the following story will tell:

A well-known auctioneer, on the corner of Battery and Front streets, holds forth tri-weekly in a large salesroom, which is above a fine, spacious basement, eligible for storage. The basement at the time of which we write was occupied, and the bill "To Rent" on the door denoted the want of a tenant. Our friend from Washoe saw the placard and a speculation at once. He entered and took a lease of the premises for three months. The day after the lease had been executed a number of curious boxes were carted to the door and stored in the basement. The next day the auctioneer had a large sale, and his room was crowded with customers; but before he had got fairly warmed to his knocking down business an intolerable odor began to permeate the apartment. The olfactories of the knight of the hammer were evidently not peculiar, for his customers became restive; handkerchiefs were pressed to noses, and sundry expressions of disgust assured him that the air was horribly foul everywhere. At length the atmosphere thickened, and various jocular suggestions about cutting it with a knife, accompanied with the "cutting off" of the speakers, roused the auctioneer to the fact that his sale was being very seriously injured. It was evident that the aroma came from the basement, a fact that was easily ferreted out, by the auctioneer following his nose in that direction. Here he found our Washoe friend, coat off and up to the armpits in work. A number of boxes had been opened, and scattered over the floor—some cut in two and others denuded of their canvas coverings—were several juicy packages of Limburger cheese. Of course this discovery at once explained the aromatic mystery.

Auctioneer was savage with rage. He would not allow such offensive articles to be stored in his basement. They must be removed at once. "Washoe" was not of the same mind; he had leased the premises for the purpose of storing merchandise.

"And if Limburger cheese," said he, with a sly twinkle of the eye, "is not merchandise, what the devil is it?"

"It may come under the head of merchandise," replied the auctioneer; "but merchandise or no merchandise, I'll be — if you are going to make my place smell like a hog ranch, I want you to leave."

"Washoe" couldn't think of it.

"You see, my friend," he continued, "I've got several shipments of this article consigned to me, and this is only a sample of it. I expect to make a splendid speculation out of it and to control the market before my lease expires."

"The devil you do?"

"Oh, yes," said "Washoe," with the utmost nonchalance, "I shouldn't wonder if I should get a contract to supply the army with it."

"You shouldn't, eh? Well, in case you get a contract to supply the army, you intend to make this your depot, I presume?"

"Certainly, on the strength of this article I hope to realize quite a sum."

"If you realize a sum commensurate with its strength," angrily suggested the auctioneer, "it will be quite a sum."

"That's my idea, too; what a coincidence!"

The auctioneer saw that he had caught a tartar, and foresaw ruin to his business if the cheese continued to arrive, but he was too shrewd himself not to know that "Washoe" had the law of him, so he determined to compromise. "Washoe" agreed to leave in con-



THE LATE MAJ.-GEN. ISRAEL B. RICHARDSON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



alderation of a handsome bonus, which was gladly paid down, the lease canceled, and the Limburger cheese taken away.

We have not been informed as to where the cheese has been removed to; but if "Washoe" hasn't leased a basement on the east side of Montgomery street, somewhere between California and Sacramento, then a sewer has "broke loose," that's all.

### MEDUSA AND HER LOCKS.

ALONG the sandy shores at low water may be seen in the summer months numbers of round, flattish, gelatinous-looking bodies, scientifically called Medusae, going popularly by the expressive though scarcely euphemistic titles of slobbers, slingers and stangers, and called jelly fishes by the inland public, though the creatures are not fishes at all, and have no jelly in their composition.

As these Medusae lie on the beach they present anything but agreeable spectacles to the casual observer; and, as a general fact, rather excite disgust than admiration; and it is not until they are swimming, in the free enjoyment of liberty, that they are viewed with any degree of complacency by an unpracticed eye. Yet, even in their present helpless and apparently lifeless condition, sunken partially in the sand, and without a movement to show that animation still holds its place in the tissues, there is something worthy of observation and by no means devoid of interest.

In the first place, be it noted, that all the Medusae lie in their normal attitudes; and, in spite of their apparently helpless nature, which causes them to be carried about almost at random by the waves or currents, they, in so far, bid defiance to the powers of the sea, that they are not tossed about in all sorts of positions as is usually the case with creatures that are thrown upon the beach, but die, like Caesar, decently, with their mantles wrapped round them.

Looking closer at the Medusae, the observer will find that the substance is by no means homogeneous, but that it is traversed by numerous veinings something like the nervures of a leaf. These marks indicate the almost inconceivably delicate tissues of which the real animated portion of the creature is composed, and which form a network of cells that enclose a vast proportionate amount of sea-water. If, for example, a Medusa weighing some three or four pounds be laid in the sun, the whole animal seems to evaporate, leaving in its place nothing but a little gathering of dry fibres, which hardly weigh as many grains as the original mass weighed pounds. The enclosed water has been examined by competent analysts, and has been found to differ in no perceptible degree from the water of the sea whence the animal was taken.

Though the cells appear at first sight to be disposed almost at random, a closer investigation will show that a regular arrangement prevails among them, and that they can all be referred to a legitimate organization. So invariably is this the case, that the shape and order of these cells afford valuable characteristics in the classification of these strange beings.

Just below the upper and convex surface may be seen four elliptical marks, arranged so as to form a kind of Maltese cross, and differently colored in the various specimens, carmine, pink or white. These show the attachments of the curious organization by which food is taken into the system, and may be better examined by taking up the creature and looking at its under surface.

Now, take one of the Medusae, choosing a specimen that lies near low-water mark, and place it in a tolerably large rock pool, where the water is clear, and where it can be watched for some time without the interruption of the advancing tide.

The apparently inanimate mass straightway becomes instinct with life, its disc contracts in places, and successive undulations roll round its margin, like the wind waves on a cornfield. By degrees the movements become more and more rhythmic; the creature begins to pulsate throughout its whole substance, and before very long it rights itself like a submerged lifeboat, and passes slowly and gracefully through the water, throwing off a thousand iridescent tints from its surface, and trailing after it the appendages which form the Maltese cross above-mentioned, together with a vast array of delicate fibres, that take their origin from the edge of the disc, or umbrella, as that wonderful organ is popularly called.

Words cannot express the exceeding beauty and grace of the Medusa as it slowly pulsates its way through the water, rotating, revolving, rising and sinking with slow and easy undulations, and its surface radiant with rich and changeable hues, like fragments of submarine rainbows. It is often possible, when the water is particularly clear, to stand at the extremity of a pier or jetty, and watch the Medusae as they float past in long processions, carried along by the prevailing currents, but without maintaining their position by the exertion of their will.

The reader is doubtless aware that the title of Medusa is given to these creatures on account of the trailing fibres that surround the disc, just as the snake locks of the mythological heroine surrounded her dreadful visage. Many species deserve the name by reason of the exceeding venom of their tresses, which are every whit as terrible to a human being as if they were the veritable vipers of the ancient allegory.

Fortunately for ourselves, the generality of those Medusae which visit our shores are almost, if not wholly, harmless; but there are some species which are to be avoided as carefully as if each animal were a mass of angry wasps, and cannot safely be approached within a considerable distance. The most common of these venomous beings is the stinger, or stanger, and it is to put sea-bathers on their guard that this article is written, with a sincere hope that none of its readers may meet with the ill-fate of its author.

If the bather, or shore wanderer, should happen to see, either tossing on the waves, or thrown upon the beach, a loose, roundish mass of tawny membranes and fibres, something like a very large handful of lion's mane and silver paper, let him beware of the object, and, sacrificing curiosity to discretion, give it as wide a berth as possible. For this is the fearful stinger (scientifically called *Cyanea capillata*), the most plentiful and most redoubtable of our venomous Medusae.

My first introduction to this venomous creature was a very disastrous one, though I could but reflect afterwards that it might have been even more so. It took place as follows:

One morning towards the end of June, while swimming off Long Branch, I saw at a distance something that looked like a patch of sand occasionally visible, and occasionally covered, as it were, by the waves, which were then running high in consequence of a lengthened gale which had not long gone down. Knowing the coast pretty well, and thinking no sand ought to be in such a locality, I swam towards the strange object, and had got within some eight or ten yards of it before finding that it was composed of animal substance. I naturally thought that it must be the refuse of some animal that had been thrown overboard, and swam away from it, not being anxious to come in contact with so unpleasant a substance.

While still approaching it, I had noticed a slight tingling in the toes of the left foot, but as I invariably suffer from cramp in those regions while swimming, I took the "pins-and-needles" sensation for a symptom of the accustomed cramp, and thought nothing of it. As I swam on, however, the tingling extended further and further, and began to feel very much like the sting of an old nettle. Suddenly the truth flashed across me, and I made for shore as fast as I could.

On turning round for that purpose, I raised my right arm out of the water, and found that dozens of slender and transparent threads were hanging from it, and evidently still attached to the Medusa, now some 40 or 50 feet away. The filaments were slight and delicate as those of a spider's web, but there the similitude ceased, for each was armed with a myriad poisoned darts, that worked their way into the tissues, and affected the nervous system like the stings of wasps.

Before I reached the shore the pain had become fearfully severe, and on quitting the cool waves it was absolute torture. Wherever one of the multitudinous threads had come in contact with the skin was a light scarlet line, which, on closer examination, was resolvable into minute dots or pustules, and the sensation was much as if each dot were charged with a red-hot needle, gradually making its way through the nerves. The slightest touch of the clothes was agony, and as I had to walk more than two miles before reaching my lodgings, the sufferings endured may be better imagined than described.

Severe, however, as was this pain, it was the least part of the torture inflicted by these apparently insignificant weapons. Both the respiration and the action of the heart became affected, whilst at short intervals sharp pangs shot through the chest, as if a bullet had passed through heart and lungs, causing me to stagger as if struck by a leaden missile.

Then the pulsation of the heart would cease for a time that seemed an age, and then it would give six or seven leaps, as if it would force its way through the chest. Then the lungs would refuse to act, and I stood gasping in vain for breath, as if the arm of a garrotter were round my neck. Then the sharp pang would shoot through the chest, and so *ad caput*.

After a journey lasting, so far as my feelings went, about two years, I got to my lodgings, and instinctively sought the salad oil flask. As always happens under such circumstances, it was empty, and I had to wait while another could be purchased. A copious friction with the oil had a sensible effect in alleviating the suffering, though when I happened to catch a glance of my own face in the mirror I hardly knew it—all white, wrinkled and shrivelled, with cold perspiration standing in large drops over the surface.

How much brandy was administered to me I almost fear to mention, excepting to say that within half an hour I drank as much alcohol as would have intoxicated me over and over again, and yet was no more affected by it than if it had been so much fair water. Several days elapsed before I could walk with any degree of comfort, and for more than three months afterwards the shooting pang would occasionally dart through the chest.

Yet, as before-mentioned, the result might have been more disastrous than was the case. Severe as were the effects of the poisoned filaments, their range was extremely limited, extending just above the knee of one leg, the greater part of the right arm, and a few lines on the face, where the water had been splashed by the curling waves. If the injuries had extended to the chest, or over the epigastrium, where so large a mass of nervous matter is collected, I doubt whether I should have been able to reach the shore, or being there, whether I should have been able to ascend the cutting through the cliffs before the flowing tide had dashed its waves against the white rocks.

It may be easily imagined that so severe a lesson was not lost upon me, and that ever afterwards I looked out very carefully for the tawny mass of fibre and membrane that once had worked me such woe.

On one occasion, after just such a gale as had brought the unwelcome visitant to our shores, I was in a rowing-boat with several companions, and came across two more specimens of *Cyanea capillata*, quietly floating along, as if they were the most harmless beings that the ocean ever produced. My dearly-bought experience was then serviceable to at least one of my companions, who was going to pick up the Medusae as it drifted past us, and was only deterred by a threat of having his wrist damaged by a blow of the stroke-oar.

Despite, however, of all precautions, I again fell a victim to the *Cyanea* in the very next season. After taking my usual half-mile swim I turned towards shore, and in due course of time arrived within a reasonable distance of soundings. As all swimmers are in the habit of doing on such occasions, I dropped my feet to feel for sand or rock, and at the same moment touched something soft, and experienced the well-known tingling sensation in the toes. Off I set to shore, and this time escaped with a tolerably sharp netting about one foot and ankle that rendered boots a torture, but had little further effect. Even this slight attack, however, brought back the spasmodic affection of the heart; and although nearly 14 months have elapsed since the last time that Medusa shook her venomous locks at me, the shooting pang now and then reminds me of my entanglement with her direful tresses.

For the comfort of intending sea-bathers, it may be remarked that although the effects of the *Cyanea's* trailing filaments were so terrible in the present instance, they might be greatly mitigated in those individuals who are blessed with a stouter epidermis and less sensitive nervous organization than have fallen to the lot of the afflicted narrator.

How different, for example, are the effects of a wasp or bee sting on different individuals, being borne with comparative impunity by one, while another is laid up for days by a precisely similar injury. And it may perchance happen that whereas the contact of the *Cyanea's* trailing filaments may affect one person with almost unendurable pangs, another may be entangled within their folds with comparative impunity.

As, however the comparative degree is in this case to be avoided with the utmost care, I repeat the advice given in the earlier portion of this narrative, and earnestly counsel the reader to look out carefully for the stinger, and, above all things, never to swim across its track! no matter how distant the animal may be, for the creature can cast forth its enveloping filaments to an almost interminable length, and even when separated from the parent body, each filament, or each fragment thereof, will sting just as fiercely as if still attached to the creature whence it issued. It will be seen, therefore, that the safest plan will always be to keep well in front of any tawny mass that may be seen floating on the waves, and to allow at least 100 yards before venturing to cross its course. Perhaps this advice may be thought overstrained by the inexperienced.

Those jest at scars who never felt a wound; but he who has purchased a painful knowledge at the cost of many wounds, will deem his courage in no wise diminished if he does his best to keep out of the way of a foe who cares nothing for assaults, who may be cut into a thousand pieces without losing one jot of his offensive powers, and who never can be met on equal terms.

### FOREIGN NEWS.

THE French Government has declined to allow a play founded on "Les Misérables" to appear on the Parisian stage. The motive seems to be the popularity which might accrue to the man who defined the Emperor as Napoleon le petit.

THE prizes to be granted to exhibitors in the London Exhibition will be distributed by the Prince of Wales in person, at a State ceremonial to be held early in 1863.

THE Elector of Hesse Cassel not long since in his own princely theatre quarrelled with his wife, the Electress, gave her a tremendous scolding, and dragged her out after him by the skirts. The audience were very quiet and decidedly amused by this conjugal comedy in high life.

A DWARF elephant, 20 years old and only 30 inches high—a perfect Tom Thumb of the elephant tribe—has just been added to Edmond's menagerie in England. It was imported from Malacca.

THE literary convention recently concluded between France and Italy is comprehensive. Authors receive reciprocal advantages, and the copyright in musical works extends to the compositions known as arrangements, based upon airs extracted from the same works.

A LIVELY BEDRIDDEN PAUPER.—The following story of a bedridden pauper is told in one of the English papers: "A young woman, who had been bedridden seven years, and during that time had received five shillings a week from the parish of Guyzance, besides a great deal of private charity, was last week brought to the Union Workhouse, Alnwick. She demanded a nurse, butter and jelly at breakfast, and a pair of crutches; but on learning that Mr. Young, the master, had sent for the doctor, she suddenly rose, dressed, leaped over a stone wall four feet in height, and ran a quarter of a mile before she was recaptured."

Mitchell's Steam Shipping Journal says: "The project of a railway ferryboat to and from Dover and Calais will, we are told, be shortly before the public. The ferryboat is to be 3,000 (?) feet in length, 100 feet beam, and draw but five feet of water. In the centre of the deck will be a covered iron tunnel, into which the carriages will steam with goods and passengers, and be conveyed across the channel with considerable rapidity. Speed to be 40 miles per hour. She will have rudders at both ends, and will never require to turn. Her build is to be that of a series of unsinkable tubes."

A ROMAN JOURNAL states that something like an incipient volcano has made its appearance near the Civita Vecchia Railway, about two leagues from Rome. A committee of engineers and geologists has been sent to examine the eruptions of smoke and sulphureous exhalations which have been observed. In their report they state that the seat of the fire is on the right hand of the railway, at a place called Monte delle Picche. For the space of 200 square metres the ground is so hot that no one can stand on it long.

PRUSSIA intends to become a strong naval power. It is officially announced that within seven years she will have a fleet of 70 men-of-war, carrying 500 guns. The Baltic is to be the principal maritime station, the Government having selected the port of Jasmund, in the Island of Rugen. The cost of the fleet and the dockyards is estimated at \$50,000,000.

EXPERIMENTS have been made on the Scheldt, near Antwerp, with a river boat provided with a propelling power which has recently been discovered. The boat has neither paddle-wheels nor screw. In the middle of it is a cone-shaped kettle, into which the water is pumped, and from which it is driven out with great force into the river through two curved boxes on the side of the boat, by which means the vessel is propelled forward with great rapidity. By simple machinery the

arrangements of the boxes can be so altered that the boat can be immediately turned and steered in any direction.

AN Institution of Arts and Trades for Women has been established in Paris, to enable destitute widows and orphans to learn some branch of art or artistic industry, and so place them in a position to obtain an independent existence.

### SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

WHICH of the feathered tribes lifts the heaviest weight? The crane.

WHAT fruit trees resemble knights of olden time? Those that cast down gages.

"REMEMBER, madam, that you are the weaker vessel," said an irate husband.

"Exactly," said the lady, "but do not forget that the weaker vessel may have the strongest spirit in it."

QUAKER TOAST.—"This is me and mine to thee and thine. I wish when thou and thine come to see me and mine, that me and mine will treat thee and thine as kindly as thee and thine have treated me and mine." This is a new version of the old compliment, which runs somewhat after this wise: "I wish thee and thy folks loved me and my folks as well as me and my folks love thee and thy folks. For sure, there never was folks since folks was folks, that ever loved folks half so well as me and my folks love thee and thy folks."

TO YOUNG MEN.—Two young men commenced the sail-making business at Philadelphia. They bought a lot of duck from Stephen Girard on credit, and a friend had engaged to indorse for them. Each caught up a roll and was carrying it off, when Girard remarked:

"Had you not better get a dray?"

"No; it is not far, and we can carry it ourselves."

"Tell your friend he needn't indorse your note. I'll take it without."

In a church not quite a hundred miles from Lynn, a person entered a pew, and, believing he had a good seat, unfortunately sat down upon the dress of a lady who happened to be rather highly crinolineed. In an instant he rose to his feet and begged the lady's pardon in these words:

"Yer pardon, mem, but I'm fear'd I've broken your lower rib-bones!"

"Nothing wrong," said the lady, blushing.

A YOUNG medical student's letter was read at a trial the other day, and created some amusement. It was a declaration of love in the following fashion: "Maid, I suffer. I am constipated in my love, and require the syrup of your eyes to give relief to the indigestion of my affections to you."

A COCKNEY being bantered to spell the word "saloon," replied:

"Vy, hi can do hit has heasy has hanthing. There's ha hea, hand ha ha, hand ha he, hand two hoen, hand ha he!"

MALHERBE having dined with the Bishop of Rouen, who was a dull preacher, was asked by him to adjourn from the table to the church, where he was then going to preach. "Pardon me," said Malherbe, "but I can sleep very well where I am."

TEACHER—"What part of speech is the word egg?"

"Boy—"Noun, sir."

"What is its gender?"

"Can't say, sir, till it's hatched."

"Well, then, my lad, you can't tell me the case?"

"Oh, yes, sir, the shell."

If you shoot a duck you may, by jumping into a river after it, get two ducks.

A LADY having accidentally broken her smelling-bottle, her husband, who was very petulant, said to her,

"I declare, my dear, everything that belongs to you is more or less broken."

"True," replied the lady, "for even you are a little cracked!"

PROFESSOR DALZEL, of Edinburgh, was the son of a Linlithgow farmer. For a long time he spelt his name according to the common way, Dalziel; and when he began to omit one of the vowels some objections were raised. "Why not?" said a college wit, "if an I offend thee pluck it out!"

A NEGRESS, speaking of her children, said of one who was lighter than the rest, "I can't bear dat 'ar brat, kase he show dirt so easy."

A LITTLE girl was standing by a window, busily examining a hair which she had just pulled from her head.

"What are you doing, my daughter?" asked her mother.

"I'm looking for the number, mamma," said the child; "the Bible says that the hairs of our head are all numbered, and I want to see what the number is on this one."

WHEN is an ox not an ox? When it is turned into a meadow.

HAVE you ever heard the angelic music of mosquitoes, Jersey mosquitoes? Once there was a little girl, in Perth Amboy, and as she was saying her prayers before going to bed, her mother said to her:

"Now go to sleep, my darling, and the angels will come and sing to you."

When the little girl got up the next morning, she ran to her mother, and exclaimed,

"Oh, mamma! I heard the angels singing all last night; and see," pointing to a red swelling on her nose, "one of them bit me, too."

"WOMEN," remarked the Contemplative Man, "are deep as the blue waters of yon bay."

"Ay, sir," replied the Disappointed Man, "and as full of Craft."

STUART'S RAID INTO PENNSYLVANIA.—After the rebel cavalry left Chambersburg on their way towards Gettysburg, when about 12 miles distant from the former place, they met a large funeral procession, which they ordered to come to a halt. Dismounting from their own horses, they selected 43 of the best horses in the procession, and amongst them the horse attached to the hearse. No violence was used; but, to the contrary, the greatest politeness was displayed toward the surprised mourners. At length one of the funeral escort demanded to know by whose orders their horses were thus taken. The reply was, "By order of Gen. McClellan—they are wanted for the army." As soon as the funeral horses were properly secured by their captors, they pursued their way to the Potomac, leaving the afflicted friends to find their way with the corpse to the place of burial as they best might.

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE AT THE SOUTH.—The scenes at the taking of the oath in New Orleans by the ladies are reported to have been ludicrous enough. One young miss, as she passed out of the hall, observed to her friend, "Well, really it ain't much after all, is it Clotilde?" One tall lady in black—a widow, of rather the tragic queen style—descended the marble steps, staring most earnestly on the contents of the certificate. She seemed as if she would annihilate it with her gaze. She must possess property in New Orleans. Her struggle to save her wealth from confiscation, and her hate for the Government that had, as she supposed, robbed her of it, made, most likely, the letters on that certificate burn her eyes as fire. As a contrast to this, another widow came and tripped away with the flippant remark to her companions, "Upon my word, this affair has caused me more emotion than when I stood up to be married."

A BRAVE BOY.—Rev. Mr. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, in a late address, urging the earnest pushing forward of the war, stated that he had a boy in the army who just before the battle of Shiloh, said to his comrade, "Now, dear Hal, I love you, and you love me. I've never been in battle and I shall be afraid. If you see me shrink, talk to me—remind me of my mother's feelings, should her son prove a coward—and if I don't recover then, and still shrink back or show the white feather, shoot me by your side." The speaker stated that he had always been a peace man; before Sumter he could have found 500 texts in the Bible in favor of peace, but after Sumter he looked for a text for the next Sunday's use, and could only find this one: "Jesus said, Let him that hath no sword sell his garment to buy one."

INTERESTING INCIDENT OF THE BATTLEFIELD.—During the week of battles in front of Washington, Gen. Bayard went forward, under a flag of truce, to meet and confer with his old comrade in arms, the now famous J. E. B. Stuart, of the rebel cavalry. Less than two years ago Jeb was 1st Lieutenant and Bayard 2d Lieutenant in the same company; but Jeb is now a Major-General and Bayard a Brigadier. During the interview a wounded Union soldier lying near was groaning and asked for water.

"Here, Jeb," said Bayard—old-time recollections making him familiar as he tossed his bridle to the rebel officer—"hold my horse a minute, will you, till I fetch that poor fellow some water."

Jeb held the bridle. Bayard went to a stream and brought the wounded man some water. As Bayard mounted his horse, Jeb remarked that he had not for some time "played orderly to a Union General." The business upon which they met was soon arranged, and the old friends parted—a fight, which had ceased when they were engaged talking, recommencing with great fury on both sides the moment each got back to "own ranks."



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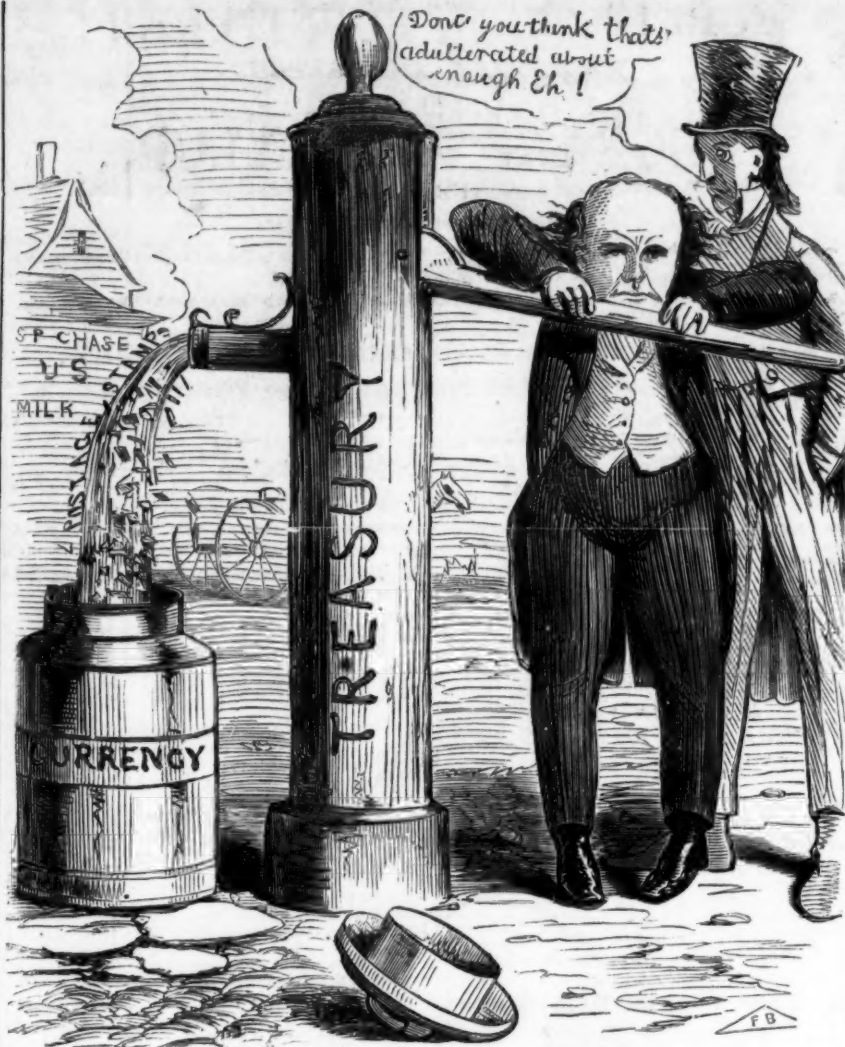
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